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THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Poet Second.

BY GEO. P. PRENTICE.

Alas! 'tis hard, oh, very hard to feel
That this is dead. Every moment we murdered by
Hours on this spot we heard the solemn words,
That told us she was gone, and we were left
With breaking hearts and streaming eyes to weep.
Our darkened home, but yet her living thought
Still dwelt within our bosoms, and still we knew
Our hearts all desolate. Oh when we rose,
At this cold hour of evening, by the fire,
And mournful fire light, silent and alone,
She threw some starting thought, or shadowy ghost,
Richer and lovelier even than in life.
Like a soft star gleaming through silver mists.
Or like some beautiful and lovely form
Of light and loveliness, that we shall find when
The pale and solitary glory of the moon
Comes at a gentle quiet at midnight deep
Within the lonely chamber, she is there
Silent, but oh, how passing beautiful,
A thing to earth, but not of earth, for love
Hallowed by God's own signet.

Over this funeral
Where all that's mortal of our hope is laid,
The light winds linger in the forest-boughs
And in their low dirges murmur
Such sounds as seem to float from angels' lyres
That perished long ago. And as we gaze
On where that rose is born of brown and bough,
A lady shadow falls on our sad hearts,
As 'twere the passing of an angel's wing
Across the twilight sky. Ah, 'tis not well
That we should mourn with tears more her flight
Than early dews the earth, for she is now
A lovely blossom on the tree of life,
Blooming forever in God's paradise.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "GUY FAWCETT," "THE SEA-KING," "THE OUTLAWED OF MOSCOW," "WARREN, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

Black Peggy got her fingers warmed at length, and when she finally took her departure, she left thankful hearts behind her—thankful for her empty meal, at least. A few moments of silence ensued, and then Deacon spoke.

"My young friends," he said, with considerable emotion, "I am about to do the best act in your behalf I shall probably ever perform. As I said before, I am very poor. I feel it as I came here this evening. I had to stop and rest several times. I am of no use here, and the sooner I go the better!"

"Of no use!" cried Cora, reproachfully. "Oh, you do wrong to say so. What should I have been but for you? Oh, you don't know how grateful I am for all your goodness!"

"Aye," added Bion, feelingly; "and what may I not say of your usefulness? You have, at least, lifted me from the dreadful state of ignorance to a position as fair in understanding as that attained by most persons of our age. As my good tutor, it is not every man who can feel that warm hearts are blessing him for the good he has done!"

"Bion you," murmured Driscol, with tears in his eyes. "And I have blessed you in my heart since that I knew you. Oh, Bion, has never known how I have loved her? For the past two years, my only joy has been in her society. Since you went away, Bion, I have come here every day, when I could. I have lived upon the sunlight of her smile, and cared for life only as I might be near her and love her! Aye, Cora," he continued, turning to her, "you have been the source of my only joy—the object of my only love. I have taught you, I have placed you in the intellectual world, for above the mass of those of your years; but I have done it, because I could not help it. But let that pass."

The poor man wiped his eyes; and when he had overcome his emotion, he said:

"I know all that Cora holds of her own life, but of your former position, Bion, I am not so well informed. You have a portrait of your mother, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, tenderly.

"Will you let me look at it?"

Bion opened his vest, and drew forth the golden locket, and having slipped the chain from his neck, he handed it to his tutor. The latter opened it, and held it to the light. He gazed upon it some moments, and the expression of his countenance told that he was deeply interested.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"My father."

"Then he could have been no relation of Margery's."

"Oh, no! I'm sure he was not."

"And that this lady was ever related to Margery Gould, is simply a moral and physical impossibility," pursued Driscol, gazing upon the sweet face. "Do you remember this face, Bion?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it very well."

"And now tell me what else you remember."

"I can remember but little, sir," replied the boy, thoughtfully. "I know I was brought here by a man who said my father was dead. I don't know who the man was. He was some friend of my father's, I think, and was going away."

"But do you ever feel that you have been unjustly treated by any of them people?"

"How do you mean?"

BION RECOGNIZES HIS UNCLE, CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY.

"Why—you were five years old when you came here, and most people can remember isolated incidents of life previous to that. For instance: Even up to twelve years of age there are many circumstances of life which I can not connect with each other—I can not remember connecting events; but there are incidents that occurred before I was five years old that are just as fresh in my memory as those of last year. You remember when you came here, don't you?"

"O, you—very well," returned Bion, quickly and earnestly. "I remember that a man brought me here and left me; and I remember how I cried; and how Margery told me he was coming back; and how he never came back."

"Yes. And don't you remember some striking circumstance—some important—or, rather, some event which stands out in relief from the dim shadows of those early years?"

"Yes—there are two," answered Bion. He pondered a moment, and then added: "I remember my mother very plainly. And I remember that Margery said she wasn't my mother once. But I can remember her very well. I remember when she gave me this locket—I remember just how she looked when she put it around my neck. Oh! she was very good, and very beautiful. She made me promise that I would be good always; and she said she would be with me. I could n't forget that; and very often I think I hear her whispering to me in the breeze; and in the storm, bidding me not fear. Then I remember a great house with great golden windows all over it, and opaque graveling at the windows; and there were dark faces all about me, and I think negroes waited upon me. Then I remember a voyage on the sea; and another great house in the city; and two black girls took care of mamma and me. And then there was a man that I called uncle; and I am sure that was the man who brought me here. Margery said he was not my uncle."

"That is enough," said Driscol. "It is as I have supposed. You have been most deeply wronged by some one. For the sake of property which rightfully belonged to you, somebody has put you [illegible] out of the way!"

"Do you think so?" cried the boy, starting to his feet.

"I know it. But keep calm. Under no circumstances do you let Margery know that you suspect anything."

"But what made you think so, sir?"

"Many things. In the first place, your very face and mental development must plainly show that you are not on with such an surround you here. In the next place, your memory of early childhood proved that you had a home of wealth. I am sure, by the way you spoke of your mother, you had one of the highest position. Bion, I am not so well informed. You have a portrait of your mother, have you not?"

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"I can remember but little, sir," replied the boy, thoughtfully. "I know I was brought here by a man who said my father was dead. I don't know who the man was. He was some friend of my father's, I think, and was going away."

"But do you ever feel that you have been unjustly treated by any of them people?"

"How do you mean?"

Whatever you may say, do it as though the questions were the result of your own dreams and ponderings. You will know how to do this."

"I will try every day, sir. You shall not be—"

"O—don't fear for me," interrupted Driscol. "I shall soon be out of the way, only while I do live I want the privilege of doing you. But it is not safe to know too much. If you should approach Margery as though you knew something she would get you out of her way as soon as possible."

At this juncture Cora placed her hand upon her lover's arm, and in a tremulous voice she said,

"What do you think of my case, Mr. Driscol?"

"I was just coming to that, my darling," he replied, taking her hand and gazing into her face. "I have something important to tell you—something that may be of great service to you. The first time I saw you I knew you were not of this land. But I will tell you."

The man listened a few moments, as if to assure himself that no one else was near, and then turning to Cora, he resumed—

"As I entered the narrow, dark hall this evening, I was very much fatigued and worn, and hence I hesitated a few moments before coming in here. I had just reached the door, when the sound of a strange voice fell upon my ear. I listened, and soon found it to be the voice of a man."

"It was the one who came in when we were here," said Bion. "He was dressed like a rich man—not very old!"

"That was the man. He must have just begun to talk as I came."

"Cora was frightened by his looks."

"Hush! Did you ever see him before, my darling?"

"Not that I know of, sir. But he looked at me so—and there was something in his face so peculiar—that I was really scared."

"Aye, you were right to fear with how much reason you were moved," resumed Driscol. "I did not stop to enter while the stranger spoke, but was upon the point of moving away when a sentence fell upon upon my ear that caused me to stop; and when I heard them speak of you I was determined to know what was on the docket. I went 'round to the convenient but at ill-reserved, and will give you the result of it. First the man was very anxious to know who the boy he had seen was; but he did not learn. Margery deceived him in every way on that point. Then the conversation turned upon you. The man said he had made arrangements to have you taken away."

"Away!" cried both the children, all in a breath.

"Hold on. He said she was too old to be kept any longer," said Driscol, and he looked too much like her mother. But your mother is not living now, Cora. He had made arrangements to send you off—to give you away to a farmer who is on his way to the far West."

And as Deacon went on and related all that he had heard, he said Margery called the man Stephen, and when he met him at the street door it was too dark to distinguish features plainly. The latter said he should not know him if he should meet him again.

"I was too much excited to examine features," he said; "and now had it been lighter my nerves were taste to get away from the inner door after the first. I got ready to leave, would have prevented me from the friendliest necessary to a proper examination of his face. But, according to his plan, you are to be ready to go by next Thursday."

"Take *her* away!" cried Bion, vehemently. "No!—they shall not! Cora! Cora! you know what I told you up stairs. You must go with us. I will take you——"

"—sh!" interrupted Driscol. "Margery is coming! Be careful now. If you have any device to work for your own benefit, don't let her mistrust a thing. Be very careful. Not a word until you have pondered it well. Now—a smile for Margery, and then to your studies."

Bion and Cora did as they were bidden, and Margery entered the room. She looked from one to the other, and then said:

"I've got a few more years of life left, and I'll be as happy as I can. I'll make the most of it. Now, Bion, you must go to bed. Cora, you may stay up a little longer, and then you must go. Mr. Driscol, I'll see you in the morning."

Margery left the room, and Bion and Cora soon followed her example. The former was very much excited, and he could not sleep. He thought of the words of Driscol, and he resolved to be very careful. He thought of Cora, and he resolved to protect her. He thought of his mother, and he resolved to be worthy of her name. He thought of the future, and he resolved to be a man. He thought of the past, and he resolved to be revenged. He thought of the present, and he resolved to be patient.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BION MEETS WITH A FAMILIAR FACE.

Bion found the room which his companion had engaged to be one of the best and most comfortable in the house. It was small, it was out of first, and he said 'twould take some time for him to get used to the place and its extra trappings.

"Let me tell ye, me boy," explained Jack, with the look and tone of an old hotel customer, "it don't cost so much to stop at a first-class house like this as it does to cast another in one o' them pretended cheap common. I tell ye, sailors make a great blunder when they haul their wind into them low places. In a house like this ye have to pay a good fair price for just what ye have; while in one o' them cheap places ye've got to pay all the money ye've got. If ye've got five dollars ye can stop a week on it; and if ye've got five hundred dollars the end of a week 'll be very likely to find yer lockers empty. But we've got some money, Bion. Only think—nigh onto six thousand dollars apiece."

"No, no, Jack. You were to take three thousand of the special money they gave us. You have nearly seven thousand."

"Well—y'ye I have. Only you've got nigh onto six thousand, at any rate; an' of you'll make out where my odd thousand comes from after that I may be glad to see it."

"But, Jack,—that isn't fair. You know I told you in the first place I couldn't take any of the last lot, but you forced a thousand of it upon me."

"Well, me boy—you beat me out of dead reckonin'. How you make out that I forced yer own money onto ye is a knot more'n I can see."

"But, Jack, you'll——"

"Do just the fair thing, me boy. Now let it rest there, and tell me what's happened down to the old woman's that's set ye up so."

Bion sat down and related to his friend all that Driscol had told him. He was interrupted many times, and had to explain a great deal of his narrative. He told all his own early recollections—things he had never before spoken about—and also gave the arguments and opinions of his old tutor. And then he told the circumstances connected with Cora's affairs. After he had concluded, Jack remained for a full minute buried in profound thought. Finally he raised his head, and with a look of searching wisdom, he said—

"Me boy—it's plain. If ye had niggers to tend ye when ye was a baby—and it's plain ye ain't a nigger yerself—why, then ye must been with rich folks. And then, just let me tell ye, that mother o' yours wa'n't no common lady. Ye can see it in her eye—in her face—in her whole look. And then yer own self," he continued in the honest tar, following out Driscol's ideas, but evidently forgetting that they were not his own, "ye've got what was ever the child of low folks! Why—I should as soon a think of bellefin' that Old Mose was built by a Chinaman. By the nose o' Jupiter, but I'd like to find the man 'at's been a cheatin' ye out!"

"Before we think any more on that subject I will read the letter you gave me when I took leave, and in the meantime we must be thinking of Cora. Oh, Jack—I would rather have you and Cora upon me than upon her. We must find a house for her somewhere."

Jack started forward in his seat, and grasped Bion by the hand.

"Me boy," he uttered, earnestly, "I've got one o' the best o' mothers ye ever see. She owns a house—a block of a house—and she's low for you from here for this Mr. Greenwood to find her. If I take her there, she'll be like an own child. She'll be loved as well as ever a child was loved."

"Bion you, Jack, for this. We'll carry her there."

"Sartin' we will."

"But hadn't we ought to try to find out first who she is?" suggested the boy.

"Well—maybe we ought to; but she may be took off from us. No, me boy, put her in a sure harbor first, and then find an owner, if ye can. Don't never let us be apart from her."

This pleased Bion, for he had no wish at present to have Cora snatched from him; and it was finally settled that she should go with them to Jack's house, which was in Cayuga County, on the bank of the Lake; and they were to start on the second day from that, if they could get ready. They were to purchase a few articles for the faithful Seneca, and then retired for the night.

Bion Bernard had strange dreams. He dreamed that Jack was his uncle, and his father; that Cora grew to be his sister; and that Margery Gould was the man who carried him to live with Black Peggy. He was dreaming that Barney Driscol was a great lord, and that Cora was Barney. He was engaged in painting the cover of an Empire State Express, a sort of brown paper covering to selling them to slave traders, when Barney came and told him his father wished to see him. He threw down his paint-brush, and quickly followed his master. He soon found himself in a splendid room, where his father was seated, and was clothed in a heavy timber, all engaged in painting a white flag, and Sam Sandiford was with his father. He was told to shut his eyes, and he did so. "Now, open them," he was then told. He opened his eyes with an effort; gave a yawn; found the light strong and powerful; and under the impression that the morning was on fire, he started back.

"What's the matter, Bion?"

"Eh!—is't you, Jack?"

"Is't anybody else? Come, the sun's been up this half hour. Breakfast'll be ready afore long."

The boy leaped from the bed, and having conjured a good look at the window, he sank back down into the rustling-cross, where Jack at once commenced to rub his back over the mattress. He did Bion good to see the old sailor stand up to the paper-table. That attitude of conscious powerful look of gentle strength, and the occasional nod of gracious approval, with which Jack perused the letter, was most delightful to the boy. Here he knew that his honest friend felt more real pride and power as he read down and conquered the printed matter of the paper, than the general feels who has conquered an army.

Presently Jack called Bion to his side.

"Look a here, me boy. Here's a notice of our ship. Her cargo all belongs to two men. By thunder, they must be rich ones—John Creamer and Christopher Huntley."

Bion started as though some one had struck him. He gazed vacantly into Jack's face for some time. At length he whispered,—

"Speak that last name again."

"The last one?"

"Yes."

Jack referred to the paper, and read "Comstock Lumber."

"*Comstock—Hunley?*" *Christopher*," the boy murmured to himself. "*Christopher*—Uncle Christopher?"

"Eh? What? *Uncle?*"

"Jack, that name cannot be familiar to me as does the sound of the following title, my son, and I must see that man. We will go there before I see Morgan. Does it tell where his store is?"

"No. But I guess we can find out. The landlord may know."

During the eating of breakfast Rion was continually running that same over in his mind, and it taught her finished by repeating it as the man who owned it. He took no notice of the specimen board at which he sat; nor did he mark the many eyes that were turned inquiringly upon him. Even bright, beaming eyes, that sent soft glances toward him were all unheeded. If he knew that there were several young maidens on the opposite side of the table, he did not know that they gazed upon him with interest,—or, in fact, that they stood upon him at all.

Rion knew that something in the face of the youthful soldier-boy well calculated to attract attention, especially from the opposite sex. He had grown tall, but not out of just proportion. His body, which had now assumed a dark brown hue, being in beautiful curls about his head, which drooped their glossy ringlets over at the back, and were known as *love-locks* in a youthful *friend*. His nose was slightly *aquiline*, and finely turned, the nostrils flashing with deep fire-glow, and most symmetrically curved when at rest. His eyes were of that dark, soft brown, possessed by all the liquid clearness of the deepest blue with the sunlight of the darkest hazel. They were not large, but set well yet their light was quickly caught by the beholder, and the people were few who did not dwell upon them longer than was necessary, if not positively notice. His mouth was fair in size, with lips such as a painter might select for the ideal lover and hero.

And now that the boy was moved by momentous thought, and his mind was at work over an intricate problem, his beautiful features were full of light, and promised to the Hippocratical student a study seldom to be met with. There were several young ladies near him, upon the opposite side of the board, and they watched him until their own movements told that they felt the impropriety of their bold scrutiny.

But, as we said before running off into this irrelevant description, Rion took no notice of this. He had repeated the name—*Christopher Hunley*—over in his mind until he had fairly bewildered himself. Yet he was sure that 'twas an old familiar name, and he fancied he could see a tall, dark-faced man, with threatening aspect and sinister eye, who had at some time been an evil to him.

As soon as he and Jack had arisen from the table they went to the office, and Rion went near to the quilted of the clerk if he knew where the store of Christopher Hunley was.

"I can't till you exactly where 'tis," answered the clerk, "but it is some where below Wall street, that I do. I have a Directory that I hold to'll." He took the book from a shelf behind him, and soon found the name. The store in question was at No.

Rector street.

"It is not far from Broadway," explained the clerk. "You can't miss it, for it is one of the largest stores on the street. Ah—Mr. Hunley is a wealthy man—very wealthy. He often comes here and gets his dinners. Did you want to see him?"

"Yes, sir. And I am very much obliged for the information," returned Rion, as he started to turn away.

"Mr. Hunley is a very fine man," pursued the clerk, instinctually. "You have business with him, perhaps?"

"I thought I should like to see him," said Rion, making another move toward the door.

"Ah—yes," resumed Mr. Clerk, with an attempt to appear wholly disinterested. "He is—you will see to see him. He is a relation, I take it?"

"A relation?" uttered the boy, starting.

"Yes—a nearly supposed to be the remembrance."

"*Remembrance?*" repeated Rion, with another start.

"Yes, sir. I thought I detected a family resemblance. Don't people ever tell you you look like him?"

"I never heard the remark before, sir."

At this moment a man entered the office who had an appearance in one hundred, a small man on the other; and as such a visitation necessarily called for the attention of the clerk, we must leave the close of further questioning, and at once conduct Jack by the arm, and drew him away.

"Don't say a word," urged Rion, as he saw that his companion was about to open his battery of wonderment. "Wait until we get out of doors."

"But how 'll ye navigate arter ye git into his store?" suggested Jack. "What 'll ye tell 'em ye want when they ask ye?"

"I—you must do that, Jack."

"Well—I'll overhaul my old box, and find something."

Rion long reached the store. They saw the name upon the sign, and were about to enter when the door was opened from within, and two men made their appearance.

"You my Mr. Hunley will not be in under an hour?" said one of them, who was blundering as he came as if to depart.

"Not before that," replied the second man, who evidently belonged to the store. "He never comes before that—but often stays all morning when he comes in. However—if he comes in before you return I'll tell him you've been——"

Rion stopped to hear no more. He touched Jack upon the arm, and walked quickly away.

"We might 'a' known that we must wouldn't be here," said the old sailor, as he gained Rion's side. "Them store-goin' critters is always busy—busy, and plenty of folks to work for 'em don't hurry themselves mornin's. Too much money makes a man stick to his bed, I s'pose, for, see, he don't stop o' nights for thinkin' on it, so he has to sleep mornin's to make up. Don't ye see?"

"Yes—you are right as far as some men are concerned," admitted the boy. "A man who has money enough to make him comfortable suffers from a cause which cannot be removed, but only made worse at every step. If he gains more his anxiety is increased; if he don't gain more he is discontented; and if he loses any of it he is utterly miserable. I declare, Jack, if there is a man to be envied it is the man who comes honestly by more money than he knows what to do with. He who has gained it dishonestly only deserves condemnation. But I think there are but few who are to be pitied."

"Yay, me boy, you talk as though you knowed all about it. What chance have ye ever had to know about rich men?"

"Ah, Jack," replied the boy, with a smile, "I men only know of those things which they find personally near them; wouldn't be much intelligence in the world. I have read, Jack—and, my friend. The experience of myself only covers some six or seven years of close memory—perhaps not so much—but the experiences of which I have read extend back to the Garden of Eden, when old mother Eve first introduced the Serpent to Humanity. Ah! the subtle fellow has remained with us from acquaintance with our families ad-vantage!"

"You—O—yes," said Jack, scratching his head. "I s'pose so. But—really, Rion—I ain't got no old log all within up so far back. But then I s'pose you must be right."

Rion smiled, but he was careful that his companion should not see it. Poor, honest Jack found the half-reflections rather deep for him.

"From books," resumed our hero, seriously, "we can gain information a more perfect knowledge than we could gain by personal observation. We have it from the mind of one who understood the subject, and who was competent to classify. For instance: I have never seen a steam-engine; but yet I can probably tell more about them—explain their principles of action, and so on—be better than many a man who has gazed upon their working for hours. I have read all that an ingenious engine maker ever knew about them. Don't you see?"

"Yes, yes, Rion. And—*I am read?*"

The boy looked into his face for an explanation, and he saw a big tear trembling upon the gristle of his nose. He also saw

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CARL AND THE FLOWERS.

BY ALLEN M. BRYAN.

Fair haired, graceful German—stranger,
Wherefore dost that rose drop shine
In thy eye? Is it a tear of sorrow?
Art thou dreaming of the island
Of the wild, romantic rose
Where the lamenting eagle utters moan,
And the fire's fickled changing
Flits around the cold, black stone?

No, no, no—the ancient castles
And the river's blue and deep,
All are dear, and green, and glorious—
But 'tis not for these I weep.
See those flowers—I had a sister
For beyond the wide, wide deep,
Whose young heart of sunshine would worship
For all lonely things like these.

In the wild summer of boyhood,
But the spring-time waved around them,
Oh! 'twas into her the spoilers
In the liberty-hounds' gloom
And while mustering which were murmuring
Sullen stories to the prize,
Treachery she's clasped me closer
Underneath our father's eyes.

When my mother's fevered kisses
Oh, had pressed my cradled cheek,
And I turned to that sweet sister
And, with lip that coaxes could speak,
Asked what she would have me think of
For this rose that came to me?
With a childish kiss she murmured:
Love me, Carl, and love the flowers.

Now the lands are sweetly singing
Summer songs beside the River,
And the flowers are fair as ever
In the valleys of the vines—
But my idol sister sees not
Where or beauty on the earth—
And our home is buried and lonely,
Never more to smile again.

For beneath an old vine's shadows,
Where the sunshine's fragrant flowers,
And the mourning birds sing endless,
There's a little grassy mound—
And as here I stand all lonely
Hot the summer's fragrant flowers,
I can hear no single whispering:
Carl, my brother, love the flowers.

AGATHA'S EXPERIENCE.

BY CLARA STREET.

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Why, Agatha Campbell did, to be sure. And she wasn't the only one, by a long shot. Mr. Marlowe didn't know everything, if he believed that all love comes at a jump, or catches a person as the cramp does.

Elvira Campbell, the elder sister of the merry Agatha, very dutifully loved the first man that asked for her love. In that she had the comfort of great satisfaction to the good uncle who stood in the place of father to the two young orphan girls. Unless his kind heart, never could bear to have a worthy young man meet with a rebuff from one whom he had honored by a declaration of his affection for her. Agatha, wicked creature, used to make a great many malicious and shallow fun of this time, for back in the past, of which she had, somehow or other, heard, Mr. Marlowe had made himself stood in imminent danger of a rejection from the fair maiden (as she then was) who won now his devoted and admiring wife. The provoking girl always would have it that it was the memory of his own agonizing suspense and dread that rendered Uncle Peter so tender-hearted toward all young lovers. He seemed to be possessed of an idea that a girl could love any good and enterprising young fellow that happened to fall in love with her; that it was her bounden duty to do so, and that she was a most perverse and cold-hearted creature, if she didn't. Therefore, as has been said, it was greatly to her uncle's satisfaction that Elvira accepted the first offer which was presented. But as to Agatha, poor Uncle Peter could have no such comfort in her conduct. She either had been so tremendous a swarm of bees; and though she always liked every one very much indeed, in this case, she invariably got disgusted with him in a few weeks, and turned to some new lover.

It was useless to remonstrate. Agatha declared that she could not help it; and she couldn't. Her uncle stormed in vain. She either would not, or cared for more frequently she laughed, for she was a right merry maiden. And with all her faults, Uncle Peter, dear soul, really loved her dearly. He tried everything he could think of to bring her to reason; yes, he was faithful with the rod, and he never was anxious parent more faithful. He even went so far, upon several occasions, as seriously recommend to her to bust a brick and swallow it, that she might be no longer without something sore within. It is horrifying to relate, but the most watchful and agreeable suggestion was not reduced to practice. But Agatha would be to be hardened and neglectful of advice.

"Nor do you deserve to be," finished her uncle.

"Who cares, if I am not! I guess I can make out to live without a husband or a brother on round," returned Miss Perversity. "Anybody'd think, to hear you talk, that you considered me one of the articles of filth necessary to everlasting salvation."

"I think you need a husband to order you round, Miss, for pay no regard to the orders of your lawful body else," said Uncle Peter, trying to look severe.

Agatha received this remark with a grimace, that, in spite of his resistance, parted his lips with a smile.

He *stopped* it as soon as he could; and, with sternly puckered lips, was about to make sure further disagreeable remarks, when the door opened once, having filled her mouth with molasses candy, suddenly lit upon his ideas, and gave no sign to him most affectively.

"You good-for-nothing witch!" he cried, struggling to free himself from her sweet embraces. "Wih, take her off; don't let her smother me before I speak!"

"Am I rood, uncle?" said Agatha. "Say I'm sweet, and that you love me, or I'll kiss you till you can't open your eyes."

"Yes, you—I love you, and you are a sweet creature," said Uncle Peter; and she released her hold. He started up, got his hat in his hand, and the door between him and the mischievous child, and—! But the sweetest things must sooner; and you'll be the most stinger-like old coal that ever crowded."

"Spat," went something—"spat—thwack," went two other things. Agatha's small fingers, and a big book, had hit the door somewhere in the nape neighborhood of Uncle Peter's head. But he was off.

"I wonder if he thinks I am going to marry all these men, or any one of them, without loving him?" she said.

"He thinks you are a very rational creature; and that you might settle down your mind on some one of your admirers, if you had any desire to do so."

"I'm sure I'm willing to fall beastly in love, if I can; but, really, I don't believe I ever shall love any man well enough to marry and run him. I've thought, several times, that I was going to come to the right state of feeling, but it always passed off. The fact is, the better I know any man, the less I like them. Now, do you think I'd ever marry—why I can't, as I say, believe. When I feel that I *cannot live* without the presence and the love of some one particular gentleman, I'll marry him. If he'll have me, and I never will marry till then. So that's the end of the whole matter; I've been waiting for that long time, and yet."

Agatha was hardly twenty years old; so that there was no particular cause for alarm in her case. A few weeks after the above conversation, the sisters were at a party. There were several strange gentlemen there, and, as usual, Agatha was excited about Agatha. There was some mysterious attraction about the unaccountable girl, that acted upon men as molasses or honey does on flies—they were sure to be drawn towards her. One young man, however, paid no kind of heed to coaxing. This remarkable coolness drew Agatha's attention towards him. She wasn't at all pleased with his lack of manner, and was glad that he kept himself out of her way.

"What a stiff, disagreeable man that Mr. Willis is! don't you think so, Elvira?" observed Agatha, as they were dressing that night.

"He wasn't very entertaining, it must be confessed," returned the sister.

"Entertaining! he was the most tiresome prater of a man that ever was born. He never said a thing I've seen any gentleman that I took such a dislike to. I'm glad I didn't have to talk any with him. I couldn't have treated him civilly."

"Why, Agatha Campbell! are you not ashamed of yourself? Mr. Willis has been kindly to me, and was one who has never given you the slightest cause to dislike him as you do."

"He *has* given me cause. I hate to see a man that is so unnatural as to be a mere statue when he can't talk, or make himself in any way interesting. I do wish such people would always keep out of my sight."

"You talk like a sensible girl—don't you, now? One would suppose that you think yourself a beauty; and I'm sure you are not."

"Who said I was? but I know I'm agreeable and handsome enough to have all the gentlemen like me. If I thought I was as homely as Mr. Willis, I'd be tempted to drown myself."

Elvira burst into a fit of laughter.

"I am wonderfully relieved in regard to the personal appearance of that unfortunate gentleman," said she. "He is not remarkable for handsome and pleasing looking man. I chanced to notice him as he was conversing with Mrs. Taylor, and really I was quite charmed with his features. He has a illuminated face, his exquisite smile, and the deep and expressive tone of his voice. I do not think enough most of the evening; something has given him a heavy heart, I fear. The poor orphan girl, he is a study, and self-sown studying."

"Exquisite smile! illuminated face!" repeated Agatha scornfully—"illuminated pumpkin! you'll better say. Upon my word, Elvira, I think John is better than all the rest of you."

"He is in no danger," quietly replied Elvira.

The next morning Agatha's head wouldn't refrain from telling, as a good joke, how angry Agatha had become, and how she had given a piece of her mind to the party who, as she imagined, was ugly."

"Ho—ho—ho! ha—ha!" laughed Uncle Peter. "Why, you little witch! this is the very best you ever see! What was his name?"

"Mr. Washtenok Willis," replied Agatha.

"Washtenok Willis!" exclaimed Uncle Peter, in tones of indignant astonishment. "Agatha Campbell! you silly puppet, you! 'ugly!' is he? Why, girl, there never was a more kingly man than Washtenok Willis; and he looked it, too, to those who knows how to behold him. I wish that you had a soul large enough to understand the noble and intellectual beauty?"

"Lucky, Uncle Peter, I had no idea that you could talk in such so eloquent style. Why, you might almost be a stump-speaker for next election."

"Impudent child! But I know you to be a pitiful one. Mr. Willis has come to this town to practise law; and in his modest and unpretending way, he has made friends, and as I think as much of the son as he of the father, which was enough to induce me to choose to board—to make it his home till such time as he shall have a house of his own."

Agatha couldn't look into the breakfast. She was angry to the very heart. But there was no help for it; and the next time she met Mr. Washtenok Willis made one of the circle at the dinner table. He was introduced to her, and—Agatha thought at first—so, not *that*, for Mr. Willis was above such whims—but he was not at all *prejudiced in favor* of the Agatha Campbell that he had heard so much better; and so he was a person who acted very independently of everybody's opinion. He was one sister, and spoke to the other only when politeness required it. Agatha thought proper to admit that she had been a good deal mistaken in the real appearance of the gentleman; and by the time he had been a member of her uncle's family a week, she had discovered that he really did possess a consciousness of some personal beauty, and was one which was as changeful as an April day.

Mr. Willis was a student, and Agatha found to the girls evenings, as they sat at their work. Elvira had requested him to do so in the first instance; and as he was very entertaining, and in being thus employed, she had made it a standing arrangement, that when no company was present, he should read to them an hour or two every evening.

As Elvira had said, Willis was a study; and Agatha found herself engaged in studying him to her heart's content many times each day. She felt she was too obstinately bent on disliking him to confess it to her sister, but she was willing to indulge the man's opinions and sentiments. His quick and clear sense of right and wrong, his deep, low-toned voice, and expressive face, together with the habit he had of looking at his hearer exactly half his time, as if he knew by heart all that he read, and wished to see how it affected them, rendered the pleasure of listening to him a very great one. You couldn't help entering into, and heartily enjoying all that he read. And you couldn't help admiring the reader, either. It could hardly have been in the heart of man—certainly not in that of woman—to sit before those beaming eyes, that soul-lit face, stamped in every line with the most cordial goodwill, and not glow and beam in the light of they'd to drink in the strength, the tenderness, the mirth, the wailing, of that powerful and perfectly commanded voice, and not be drawn kindly, if no more, towards the reader.

Elvira made no effort to resist the admiration which she felt for Mr. Willis; she was fortified by a real and exclusive love for her father, or, perhaps, by admiration and good will a warmer feeling might have been added. But as for poor Agatha, she had a time of it. What strange experiences the child went through, as she sat there, silently listening to Mr. Willis while he read or talked to her sister (for even yet, he had very little to say to her). *Every day* was showing her more clearly the absolute superiority over all other men of her acquaintance in which Mr. Washtenok Willis stood; cold ramblings within her of hostile forces; there was a struggle between them that made the task of her resolutions; and now and then there was a shake, a shiver, a swaying, as if that dam were about giving way.

Well, but this evening, while reading Martin Chuzzlewit, Mr. Willis came upon the following passage:—

"There are some falsehoods on which men mount, as on light wings, toward heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, unending truths, whereon your worldly wiseacres are very apt and punctual, with blind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have a child in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as this, (Tom Pinch's) than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproached truth, since the world began?"

At the close of this period, Willis shut his finger into the book, and looked, with a half smile on his lip, but a whole serious look in his eye, first at one sister and then the other of the girls.

"What do you think of the ethics of that?" inquired he.

Miss Linda's noticed any particular moral character to the sentence. She was absorbed in the idea of a man that was such fine children, he was, who, so long as there is no downright vulgarity or prevailing is a lady, pass it as a "moral study," though it may be entirely immoral. They must well, but they are nothing before the surface. Elvira had spoken but little, and was likely to say very much harm from any such dim errors in ethics, for she was unused to them. Not so Agatha—her mind was quick and keen "as a two-edged sword," and nevertheless, in spite of the numerous faults of character, she was thoroughly right at the core.

Mr. Willis now noticed that her cheeks were red and her eye bright with excitement; and he smiled to see that she was actually as he did at her sister, as he said—

"Well?"

"I think it is utterly wrong—that it is making a merit of doing evil that good may come, which is forbidden."

"Right—and *as he is* as a sin because it is not in accordance with the Divine requirements and Christian vow. They reach the masses as no other people can, and so long as they are in the hands of the evil, and love were but underlain by pure religious principle what untold good they would have it in their power to do! Agatha, you have a heart that is the educator of hundreds of thousands. His sentiments, though not in accordance with the childhood have added tenderness and charity to your character, and will, in some degree, serve to give the greater power of wisdom to his kind. And at the base of his moral nature there is one which he most sympathizes with, and would work as three. Go on from that point, and you could not have a more perfect guide. Some consistency, if it were but done in gentleness of heart. How many people there are who would not dare the use one sweetly apologizing sentence here to answer them. I would that Christian was half as ever willing would that he had in his moral nature that which had forbidden him to think."

"I do not think I can, and I am sure how you say so. 'The just what I think—always when I am in the company of Mr. Willis, and when we could have expressed *it so clearly*."

"Agatha, you're right. The eyes of Willis rested on her fair, young face glowing with pure and given himself away. The sweet, child-like face, and the woman of fashion 'most often in their gay, city ways—but the boy and girl who walked hand in hand to school, have gone straying away together over the intervening hilling hills, and have grown since their friend (for whom they no longer care than while she will leave, in their talk), of their old days, and their old sports, and what, if they observed, I think it right to guard young people against the errors of the unobservant, of which they are generally too fond.

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Devotional feelings should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind. Being fully conscious that the Almighty Father is present with our child as a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when so great a fact was not familiar to him. We may teach them by connecting religion with a variety of sensations (pain); with all that he sees and hears; all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; with all that he feels in his various bodily circumstances, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to look upon God as his Father, to consider all around him, to feel his continual presence, will less easily lose sight of association, though his religious ideas may be mixed with childish conceptions, and will never wander far or entirely from the heart.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY!

No, reader, don't be in a hurry! A fortune was never made by a hurry; a great work was never gained by a hurry; a battle was never won by a hurry! You may get a reputation by a hurry, or work systematically, but coolly. Work diligently, but don't get excited. True, some men have really been successful in a hurry. Napoleon was.

We would not have a man pass through the world at a snail pace—that is, not be dissatisfied with this lightning age—but we would see him make more than one step at a time; what if you have? First at the game on the wing, or without taking deliberate aim, and yet chancey to one you miss it. Some men are so afraid of a miss that they never accomplish anything. They never can find time to attend to politics, social, or religious matters. They pass through the world in a hurry, and die, and are forgotten in a hurry.

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TACT.—There's a lady in this city so high-minded that she declines to own she has common sense. We think she shows the truth of it by giving utterance to the above.

DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

It is to be regretted that more care is not bestowed on teaching the proper management of children to those whom nature has designed for mothers. This, indeed, if long again the proper pal, is seldom considered as any part of female education. Is it any wonder, when females so educated come to be mothers, that they should be quite ignorant of the duties belonging to that character? However strange it may appear, it is certainly true, that many mothers, and those of polite rank, are found to be entirely unfit for the charge which the birth of a child, of what is to be their future destiny, has devolved upon them.

Were the time that is generally spent by females in the acquisition of trifling accomplishments, employed in learning how to bring up children, how to draw them so as to form just, manly, or confirmed habits, how to feed them with wholesome and nourishing food, how to exercise their tender bodies so as to promote their growth and strength, were these made the objects of female instruction, mankind would derive the greatest advantages from it. But while the education of females implies little more than what relates to dress and public show, we have nothing to expect from them but ignorance, even in the most important concerns.

Did mothers reflect on their own importance and right to be happy, they would consider the opportunity of informing themselves of the duties which they owe to their future children. It is their province, not only to form the body, but also to give the mind its most early bias. They have it in their power to implant the seeds of honesty or valetudinary, useful in life or the pests of society.

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

A short walk or ride in the morning over the fruitless of our race, our eye clanced to fall upon the web of a spider, around which was playing an exceedingly pretty, ornamental fly, apparently unwounded in the. Was spider seamed closely and attentively, but although not active, still lively. He had not long to wait, the fly, charmed by the beauty of the web, soon made the fatal plunge. No sooner trapped than with fearful bounds it sought to free itself, and for a time the contest seemed doubtful. But the spider, famished for the mastery, another noble prize was entrapped, and the victim fell a victim to the law of life, which whatever be source it, but sought, rather be secured, and the spider was left to feast on his victim. And as we reflected upon the spider's course we found that it had been wise and proper, for had he allowed the fly to escape, he would doubtless have ended his gnat.

Such is the course of the human—and how unlike the course pursued by man! He, not content to secure the victim when one grand lesson of happiness, often does he in grasping everything get nothing. Let us henceforth learn wisdom from these little ones, and from the one grand lesson of happiness—contentment.

INTIMACIES BETWEEN YOUNG WOMEN.

I am not fond, says Madame de Genlis, of the close intimacies often formed between young women. I believe one, it is not a friend they seek, neither is it a guide or advisor, for they may find one in a mother, and in her alone, in the most trying confidante. They beguile by disclosing to each other all the little secrets of the heart, and by the degrees their imaginations are heeded, and to prove the truth of their assertions, they relate the stories they betray their inmost thoughts, particularly on their love affairs, on which their communications are frequent and unreserved. Hence arise the kind of the conquests they have made. In them little vanities are fostered, and sometimes they are made or conceals the truth; they acquire a taste for intrigue and the habit of telling lies, and they convince their friend (for whom they no longer care than while she will listen to their tales), of their falsehood. Such are the results of what I have observed, I think it right to guard young people against the errors of the unobservant, of which they are generally too fond.

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"COMING BACK SOON!"

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"You are coming back soon?" every one says to the eager boy who is going out from the quiet home in the village, to make his way in the great bustling world beyond.

"Yes, yes—as soon as I have made my fortune," is the laughing reply, and the good-byes are exchanged, and the yellow-edged coin is left in the fond mother's hand and happiness for the back seat, then, *with the same prospect*, it will ever bring back again.

"Coming back soon." The boy little knows that he is never to come back! Something of some sort will be taller, and more graceful, and more handsome, and call his young companions by mother—something that will look, half-sadly, and half-contemptuously, on the old familiar places where his childhood was spent—but the boy's heart, eager, hopeful and innocent, has gone forever!

"Coming back soon!" It is the young lady, magnified and flounced and gloved, who plays the piano to a charm, and looks askance at a kitchen that she was known, the scatcovered gentleman's little Maggie, with whom he romped in early days! The same tongue her tawses hair is now the fit of summer wind—but the young lady's locks are smoothed, arranged, and carefully "done up," according to the last fashion. Maggie wore a blue gingham frock, which has always dazzled the eyes of the most charming little creature; Miss Maggie is an editress; not "Miss Margarite" arrays her dainty limbs in the most expensive silks, and wears lace that is the vast circumference that he can only look on and wonder at a respectful distance. Something—and it is little by side, he remembers the old times, and half wishes they could come back again—but the one sweetly apologizing sentence here to answer them. I would that Christian was half as ever willing would that he had in his moral nature that which had forbidden him to think."

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC.

The great struggle among nations now is, and in the main will be, for commercial supremacy. The age for the extension of empire by force of arms, is measurably past. The great work of opening conquests hereafter must be those of peace. Commerce, agriculture, manufactures and the arts, guided by enlightened government and institutions, and the all-sustaining education of the masses, are the only weapons of the new order of national power. But pre-eminence in commerce is the chief object of desire. It is the ambition of already the United States make its commerce second to no nation on earth. Indeed it is now first. But other nations watch the prize, and a fierce struggle must ensue for the respite of rule. The United States has the advantage in the start, and all the elements for pre-eminence.

Between and Asia lies the great commerce of the world to-day. It has been so from time immemorial. Asia, alone, produces nearly two-thirds of the world, and is thus the largest profits of commerce in. Spices, aromatics, precious stones, precious metals, cotton, silk and fabrics are a large portion of the products of Asia. For ages she has made different nations of Europe and on her confines rich, powerful and luxurious, by the barter of her products for their gold and silver. For ages she seen upon her hands to barter for other things that gold and silver—even for the varied products of the globe.

What nation is to win the largest prize of this Asiatic commerce which, from the earliest to many times is turn? What nation has the head, the fleet and the resources for grasping the great prize? Tyre, six centuries before the Christian Era, the "Queen of Cities"—has fixed the Mediterranean countries later, and gave her power and magnificence up to the fifteenth century of our era—that built up. So the earlier days of Venice, Genoa, Palmyra—in the "Middle Ages." Constantinople, at the time of the Crusades the true "Queen of Cities"—still later, that made Genoa and Venice, more cities, the wealth of Lombard and the envy of kings—that made Lisbon and Portugal great in their day—that lifted Amsterdam and the seven "United Provinces" into their splendor, literally, in one of our lesser States) until they stood first in arms, first in letters, first in wealth and first in power—that has made London the commercial mistress of the world, and placed in England a path of empire to the four quarters of the globe—a match for half of Europe, and dominant in Asia!

It needs but a glance at the world's map to indicate that nation. It is the United States. Its lies mid-way between Europe and Asia, in the direct path of the world's commerce between the two. Its access of the North to the nearness of the South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the fills the temperate zone of the New World. Her empire is developed on the shores of both oceans. Her government and institutions are wholly of peace. The intelligence and energetics of her people are unrivaled. In arts and arms she is already mighty—growing every day in power—as she possesses the current of her own increase, and draws from Europe and Asia every the vigor of its blood and strength. She has, too, within her bosom all the elements of self-sustenance and growth and of the most diversified and ample commerce.

But one thing is wanting—the shortest and most direct communication between the two oceans. The chief road for their commerce lies over the heart of the United States. Already opened up from the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, it is only broken by three thousand miles of passable prairie and forest. No impregnable barriers interpose, for Nature, ever provident to coming nations, has opened passes for a World's highway through the Rocky Mountains. Only three thousand miles of path, on our own soil, is wanted to unite the Atlantic with the Pacific, and place the commerce of the globe in our hands and the nations of the earth at our feet.

Three thousand miles of Railroad—the route easy and the material and labor at hand,—what is this compared with the Roman roads connecting the four thousand cities of the empire—a single one of those roads (as grandly built that its ruins survive the scourge of two thousand years) stretching forth from the "Wall of Antoninus," in Britain, to Rome, and from Rome to Jerusalem—is one thousand miles. Or what, even, to the two great roads of the Incas, (described with wonder by Prescott and Humboldt) extending from Quzco to Quito, and towards Chili, two thousand miles. Roads cut through mountains and spanning gorges and rivers and built by a race ignorant of the uses of iron, without mechanical tools, and with no beast of burden but the delicate llama, and guided by some of our ablest writers and civilizers.

What do the enterprises at Panama, and those projected over Mexico for uniting the Atlantic to the Pacific, say for us, but that the line of our commercial world is best on a shorter passage to Asia? This is the ultimatum. The question of the Cape, centuries ago, was to this end a great achievement. Why is Sir John Franklin threading among the bergs of the frigid zone, but for England's hope to find a shorter passage for her commerce to the East? But a thousand attempts abandon. North-West passage, or what ever other waters, can not keep from the United States the commerce which, in response to policy, interest and destiny, and builds a highway on her own soil. Over this she can dictate to the world. She can hold the medium of the two hemispheres in her hands.

PIONEERS AND LEADERS.

"Old men for counsel, and young men for war." Never was nation paler, if the world's history be read in the last. The blood of youth is the life of liberty, its tongue quick, and its heart impulsive and generous. Numberless are the illustrations of this, there, are its hope, its faith, its energy and endurance, which, when experience has ripened and tempered judgment and conduct, still form the high herein nation. The pioneer men of the world—on the battle-field, in the van of civilization, in the development of art and science, and in the prosecution of the mightiest and most useful enterprises for the world's weal—have stood on the Eastern declivity of life; have begun the search, commenced the endeavor, and won their victories, or less laurels, ere the noon of three-score-and-ten had past.

Unfortunately for the peace and true glory of nations, the "old men for counsel" are not they on whom the eyes of the million have rested most admiringly, have been its chief warriors; some of them, indeed, as well as spirits as ardent as the great empire, and redeemers of nations. But it has pushed aside the old men for the young, and the glory bravely past the middle of the "mortal years" has been the meridian of the sun. Hector and Achilles, Alexander and Scanderbeg, Hannibal and Cæsar, Washington and Napoleon, and Bonaparte are plodding on, as they have been in a career, trod in young manhood the story.

WHAT IS THE GREAT IDEA?

It has been so from the beginning—it will be so to the end of time. While age sits in weighty and deliberate council, the young are fighting and arguing delay, youth leaps to action. "Advance!" cries the battle-field, and the young are foremost, cool and sacrifice, it strikes for the imperial goal and purple crown, and the young are the men. For purpose, if not with evil intent, yet madly with the spirit of patriotism, the young are ambitious to die pube and blood. Not yet satisfy by the old fashions of the world; not yet a cold sorrow of the years and cares of life, the young are ardent, bons chaud with a passionate enthusiasm, it finds the track of discovery, the path of conquest and discoveries, gray old errors and burning new truths, and the young are the pioneers and leaders upon the world's ideas, and habits, and faiths, forever broadening the field in which humanity struggles upward to reach the stars.

Philosophy, alone, may claim its champions from all the ranks of age, and while the phrase of "Visionary Republics," and bewilder man with the impossibility of realizing the hope dreamt of by giant Phillistine; the Divine child, Jesus, is confounding the doctors of law, and rejecting the scribes and pharisees as unworthy to be called men, with reputation in its bosom, rise on the vision of the young Columbus; Galileo is looking through the mysteries of the external heavens, and brave, hopeful youth, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and everywhere—like the new-born Hercules—hurling down hydras and chimeras, by daring to fellowship with the right, and to proclaim it against the world.

Youth, up to the zenith of manhood, is the true period of nations as of men. Then are the days of youth, nations, like men, grow; beyond this, they but exist and decay. Where is the Empire that the conqueror of the world, the Alexander of Macedonia? Where the man, save small exception, who gained all his brightest wreath from the days of glory past his prime? It was not Egypt, nor Greece, nor Rome; not Palmyra, nor Babylon, nor Shakespeare. Lofty, beautiful, generous achievement belongs to the young manhood of men and nations. And so it is with the United States. To-day is born all the infirmities, its aspirations centered in self, its youth brought out of the past, and the future, and glorious the new generations beyond the storm and ashes of the old, to higher goals and to larger triumphs.

THE "AGE OF AUTHORS."

The present age is, we generally admit, the state of our own country, may be styled, with great propriety, the "Age of Authors." A great deal of reverse was a time, in which men of all degrees of stability, of every kind of education, of every profession, and of no profession, commenced writing for the general to the press. The provision of writing was formerly left to a few, who, by long and laborious years of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge sufficient to qualify them for the task. Besides, by these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the public with the quill "rights" It is to ask them to take them in the only way anybody should take them, and that is by showing the ability and the will. Our each demonstration is worth more than a score of high-sounding claims.

Take, for example, the intellectual efforts of the female contributors to the Ledger. Why have they been appreciated by us and our readers? Why are they? Because they have the ability to do what was wanted by the reading public—we have not stopped to consider their sex, or the abstract question of woman's rights. They have engaged their services and paid for them, without any pretense of "disinterestedness."

So it is with all true friends of "woman's rights," whether employers or employees. They do not merely talk. They act. They do what the necessities of the times require, in the assurance that solitons speak louder, and more efficiently, than words.

"THE DAUPHIN MAN!" is the title of a capital poem, by Jons G. Saxe, which we will publish in our next issue.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

A TRIP TO THE CASTKILLS.

WOMEN ETC.

Well—I've "done" the Catskills! I've tugged up that steep mountain, one of the hottest days in which a sunbrued or a biped ever perspired, packed to suffocation, with other gasping sufferers, in that crazy-effigy institution called a steamboat, and I'll be cause religiously indifferent, whether it reached its destination, or settled down over beds—or rather head over wheels—over the precipice. Landing at last, at the foot I was conscious of only one want, a bed-room; which, when obtained, was close enough, and which I shared with three other jaded mortals. Next morning, thanks to a good Providence and the landlord, I emigrated into unexceptionable quarters.

Ah—now I breathe! now I remember no more that pestilential reeking stage-coach, and its protracted Egyptian wriggling—jolting and bumping. Now I am regal—now I gaze—oh, how lovingly!—upon the one pair of eyes, or all beauty and magnificence! This vast plain spread out in far below and for like an immense garden with its luxuriant foliage—its little cottages, smaller than a child's toy!—its noble river, specked with white sails, and winding like a silver thread, winding through the meadows; and beyond, other plains, other streams, other mountains—on—on—stretching far beyond the reach of vision! Oh, this is the true luxury—and lasting in its ecstasy of happiness on the bosom of "Our Father" on my—Oh—what I was that Thing—what am I now!

Now—as if the scene were too gorgeous for mortal contemplation—was gently, compassionately, a silvery veil of mist before it, veiling, yet not concealing, sweetening, yet not obliterating, as saw sunshine, now shadow; bringing out now the vivid green of a meadow, now the silver dress of a lake, now the golden outline of a cornfield or mountain. And now—the scene changes, and the mist, dissolved slowly—gilds gradually with the mountain's base; winding sheets wrapped round the mountain's head, and then, lifted by the glorious resurrection; while over and above all arches the blue heavens, smiling that it escapes a sister's kiss, and the sun—the sun—blazes, like species in the distance—where human hearts throb with love, and sorrow; where mothers and children flutter against the barred cage of necessity, and the pallid and the sick lie down to die. Ungrateful, oh, weary traveller, to lose its distant golden splendor, and weep thus in the chill vapors of the valley! Ungrateful, oh, fool, to ask more than proof of thy immortality? Yes—village after village—hamlet after hamlet—bustling on, as though still, turning up the soil for dollars and cents, seeking for gold, and finding it in the fields, and in the lakes the refrigerator for their fish; in the glorious trees their fuel; in the waving grass and buckthorn, consulting its form and color, and gauging delay, youth leaps to action. "Advance!" cries the battle-field, and the young are foremost, cool and sacrifice, it strikes for the imperial goal and purple crown, and the young are the men. For purpose, if not with evil intent, yet madly with the spirit of patriotism, the young are ambitious to die pube and blood. Not yet satisfy by the old fashions of the world; not yet a cold sorrow of the years and cares of life, the young are ardent, bons chaud with a passionate enthusiasm, it finds the track of discovery, the path of conquest and discoveries, gray old errors and burning new truths, and the young are the pioneers and leaders upon the world's ideas, and habits, and faiths, forever broadening the field in which humanity struggles upward to reach the stars.

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THE CONCERT SINGER'S STORY.

BY SARAH F. MANNING.

We had been talking of some noted celebrities in his line. He sat thoughtful for a moment, and then, looking up with a sudden sparkle in his eye, exclaimed—

"But you should have heard Constance!"

"And who was she?" I asked.

"Ah, I forgot. She died before you were born. It is a sad story, and yet I can tell it, if you will."

I drew my chair nearer, and prepared to listen.

"Some twenty years ago," he said, "I was the manager of a troupe of concert singers, called by my own name. We traveled over the Union, stopping oftenest in country towns and small cities. At one of these, I was detained by the illness of my chief female singer. She left us after a few days; and while I was at my wit's end, not knowing what to look for another, I received a note, stating that a lady, with a very powerful and highly cultivated voice, had heard of my dilemma, and wished to offer herself for the vacant place. Of course, I called on her at once.

"She was attended when she entered the room where I was waiting for her. I can't tell what or whom I expected to see, but when a little, pale, and looking creature, almost a child, glided in and stood before me, I rose from my seat and bowed with as much awe as if the Queen of England had been there. She was far more self-possessed than I, and, declining a chair, took the sofa which I turned to the piano, and began to sing. What a voice she had! Strong and powerful, yet with the same time liquid and sweet as a bird's. You may smile at this description, but it is accurate, nevertheless.

"I was completely entranced, and sat as one in a trance, at a liberal salary. And then, for the first time, I saw a habit, pleased smile pass over her wan little face.

"Her first appearance was an immense success. Indeed, no other name than Constance, would do me, and the mystery that surrounded her, made her more interesting. The little, pinched, pale figure stood alone upon the stage, at the end of the concert, with bouquets showering around her, but not one touching her, while her dark, lustrous eyes wandered inquisitively around, as if seeking for the friend she had not there. I noticed this at every evening—and when the concert was over, she would gather her dressing room, and with not cry like a little child.

"Of course, all this mystery made us feel a deep interest in her, and she was so quiet, so delicate, and said so little to any of the troupe, save in the way of business, that we could ask her about nothing.

"She had a favorite song—a passive, touching thing, supposed to be addressed by a dying wife to a stern husband, which she was fond of singing. Her voice, always rich and sweet, took on a new sweetness when she sang, however, her face, in repose, began that sad look, though delicious strain. The audience held their breath, as the song went on, and when it was finished, they rose and cheered. Then she would go off the stage, and hear them call for her again and again, but she never would appear again. She did not repeat the song, however, but sang some other piece

NO HELP.

BY ALICE CARY.

There is no help for me—I know it sure—
The long employment of hope is past:
I watched heaven unceasingly, and then
Went down to crown my life with love, at last.

I thought the morn would fill her basket now
With softer light when thou wert come to me:
That all the hills would sharply redden
From the red gain of morning, seeing thee.

And then out here, near sundown, at the door
With honeyed kisses—more than I can name,
But which I take my thankful welfare for
My heart is empty, nothing, all the same.

There is no help now, heart, oh, my, oh me!
My cup is perilous to left, to the right:
And cares rain thin, for still it rests with thee
To give the good which thou hopest to find.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Robert Bonner's Sons, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE.

"Love is the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's vain dew,
Whose wishes, granted, soon expire:
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and hand to hand,
For heaven, as for earth, can bind."—Moore.

The house was restored to its usual condition, and the grounds, as nearly as possible, cleared from the vestiges of the late devastation; so that the surroundings of the young heiress were once more, upon the whole, orderly and pleasant. She returned to her usual employments, and occupied herself with the care of her invalid guest. And with hope mixed with fear, the poetry expected the arrival of her guardian's packet.

Wilfrid Brandt, by his wide counsel and unsparing his beautiful little hostess from the room, gave himself up to wonder and speculation. His position seemed to him like that of a man in a dream or in a fairy tale—cast away on a charming island, and cared for by a lovely maiden, who seemed the only white inhabitant, and, youthful as she was, "Monarch of all she" surveyed.

He had carefully heard of L'Orient Isle, and of the good old man who ruled it; though it was as a nursery of his childhood that he now saw it recited. But who, was the angelic girl, who seemed the queen? She knew the Buccaneer, and had once seen his sister! Wilfrid at last remembered! She must be the child of whom he had once heard Barbara speak, and who was now grown to womanhood. But how was it that she was left alone? Had she outlived parent or guardian, or had her guardians deserted his post? What was the meaning of her extraordinary position? However Wilfrid might speculate upon these questions, one thing was certain, that the bright and beautiful young face that, like an angel of healing, had beamed over his couch of pain, charming away the fever and delusion, had left an impression on his youthful heart never to be erased.

"I have saved my life, but I have lost my peace," said the poor youth, tossing about on his couch of sensations. "Yes, life is sweet, but peace is lost; for whatever she be, this rare beauty, this young queen, is not for Wilfrid Brandt, the poor midshipman! I must get up and get well from the pernicious effects of Madam Dido."

To get up was possible; but to get away at will was quite another matter. Yet it came not every day in the life, at the bidding of those who longed to get off.

While Wilfrid was wondering, speculating and planning in his room above, his young hostess was hospitably engaged in preparing for his reception below. She had her own characteristic boudoir not in active order; fresh flowers put in all the vases; the windows opening upon the verandah partly boloted; the commodicating doors between the boudoir and the conservatory on the right, and the aviary on the left, opened, so that the songs of birds and the fragrance of flowers were wafted through; and lastly, a luxurious couch was wheeled beside a table upon which stood a vase of rich cordon, and a selection of delicacies, and she was in the pleasant window seat, with her embroidery frame in her hand, and attended by her woman Moll and her maid Peggy, when the returning visitor Wilfrid Brandt, still very pale, and wearing his arm in a sling, was shown by the old butler.

Elsilie at once arose, held out her hand to welcome him, and begged him to take the chair by the table.

Timon immediately brought him a glass of wine and a cracker, and then, with the privilege of a character of dignity doctor, commanded him to swallow.

Wilfrid Brandt felt at once flattered and entertained by these friendly attentions, which, by the way, the kind host and fine-spirited young lady or would have lavished upon any venerable cripple with as much pleasure as upon a handsome youth.

When he had obeyed her, and swallowed the wine, and the little cut-glass service had been taken away, Elsilie resumed her pleasant seat in the window, her two maids, Moll and Peggy, stood dutifully near her, engaged in knitting, and her old footman Timon waited at the door, ready. More and more did the position and circumstances of this young creature impress Wilfrid Brandt as resembling the state of some petty old world princess—even in the dignified ease and self-possession with which she did the honors of her house.

An hour passed in pleasant conversation, during which Wilfrid Brandt incidentally learned that the young heiress had a guardian who was now temporarily absent. But he did not learn the name of the name; for the cause of his voyage from home, or his contemplated marriage with his ward.

Wilfrid Brandt felt that the time for the now of the beautiful Elsilie, the more irrecoverably his heart became involved, and that the longer he should remain by her side, the more terrible would be the wrench by which he should have to tear himself away. And the condition of his money became confirmed. Turning to his young hostess with a smile, he deferentially inquired what might be the means of leaving the Island for the nearest port.

"We have nothing but little sail boats that take our messengers to and fro, between the main land and the Isle. Any one here who wishes to go further, is obliged to hail some passing packet to take them off," replied the young girl.

"But these packets pass frequently?"

"No, sir, not very frequently within hailing distance; not more than once a week."

The look of disappointment on the face of Wilfrid appealed to the maiden's sympathies.

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Brandt," she said, "that you should be detained here against your pleasure and convenience; but we will do all that we can to make your sojourn with us as little tedious to yourself as the circumstances will permit. The house and servants are quite at your disposal. So, also, are the horses and the boats, when you can avail yourself of them. Here are books and musical instruments, pray consider them your own."

"I am grateful from the depths of my soul for your kindness, young lady; but—I ought to be away," said Wilfrid, with a profound sigh, which she understood to be one of regret at his own enforced stay. Believing this also to be sympathetic.

"I know, of course, how tedious to one accustomed to the world, must be life on this lonely Island."

"Tedious! good heaven! yes, it is as tedious as sipping, drop by drop, some exquisite draught that one knows must finally deprive him of reason!" thought Wilfrid, bitterly.

But she was regarding him compassionately with her clear blue eyes, and, seeing him still overcast, she added:

"You will not have to remain long in this solitude. Every day, indeed, every hour, I expect my guardian's vessel. He will bring friends with him, and then you will have company and merry-making, which will help to enliven the scene for you. And as my guardian's packet is a chartered one, she will remain over night to take us to Baltimore, whence we travel by land to New York. And as your business is also Baltimore, we shall be happy to have you along with us. So cheer up, wayfarer, for you shall soon be with your own."

"You are kinder than the kindest, as well as fairer than the fairest, young lady, and it is not your fault or mine, so much as it is the necessity of going that so disturbs me."

"Is the necessity so imminent?"

Three more days passed, and yet no news of the expected packet. And now to the stormy weather had succeeded a calm so profound as to leave no reasonable hope of soon seeing a sail.

Elsilie exerted herself, all but too successfully, to console her guest for his "unwilling" detention. She introduced him to her birds, to her exotics, to all her best books—she studied with him over the Island, showing him all her favorite haunts—she walked with him on the shore and challenged him, as soon as his arm should get well, to a gallop around the race-course. And despite her anxiety to hear of or to see her guardian, never had Elsilie been so gay, so buoyant and so happy, as now that she supposed for the first time the society of a companion near her own age.

But by day the acquaintance between the youth and maiden thus strangely thrown together, thus isolated from all the world, and dependent solely upon each other for conversation and amusement, progressed towards friendship on one side, and passionate love on the other.

Day by day, when walking by her side; gliding gondola all her beautiful fancy listening to her sweet voice; feeling the fascination of her graceful presence—Wilfrid Brandt felt his boasted resolution of silence giving way. Still, as yet, he steadily and resolutely resisted.

"I am not her equal in wealth and station. I will not take advantage of my present position to betray my love for her, and by so doing forfeit my own—no, not if my heart were to break!" said Wilfrid, in the bitterness of such accumulating grief. He found it harder to keep this resolution.

Day by day, his love for her increased affection so drawn out by the youth who had been cast upon her lids and who was now her daily associate, that she, too, felt that she could not live if he left her. And this was felt from her sight. And this was all that she knew of love, for she had never met a single soul her middle-aged guardian, Wilfrid Brandt alone excepted, who had by nature his gentleness, was young, suitable and eminently handsome, his manly beauty of form and features was enhanced by the pallor of recent illness, and the pensive countenance that ever won the confidence, esteem and friendship of all appreciating persons among whom he might be thrown.

Day by day increasing regard for her guest was testified in a thousand graceful kindnesses, each of which nearly threw her young lover off his guard and led him a step further.

But Wilfrid Brandt was the very soul of honor. "I must not govern my feelings! I must not show hospitality! I must wait until her guardian shall arrive and she shall be fully under his protection, and then, perhaps!"—he exclaimed, giving wings to his youthful imagination. Meanwhile he no longer thought of leaving the Island; and for Elsilie, as I said, she dreaded the hour of his departure.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ATTEMPTED FLIGHT OF ETOILE.

"——Soft words to win me,
And I'll give you silver pound
And a gown of satin."—Carvell.

One afternoon the youth and maiden were seated on the rude bench down on the beach, near the little gondola moored to the island stairs, and in the face of the water.

"Do you think that this calm can continue long, Mr. Brandt?" inquired Elsilie.

"Indeed, no, young lady; it may break up in another storm," replied Wilfrid, gravely.

"Now, may the Lord in his mercy forbid!" exclaimed Elsilie, devoutly clasping her hands.

"So pray I! I never as a storm arise without a thought of you, and a prayer for those that's coming, but in memory of what has gone! There has been very fatal to my race, Miss L'Orient."

"Ah! has been so?"—murmured the maiden, raising her eyes, full of sympathy, to his face. "But it was only natural that you should feel for any near relative or dear friend that you lost?"

"My father, my two elder brothers and my sister Barbara were cast down together in their last vessel," said the young man sorrowfully.

"Ah, what a calamity! I can deeply feel for you, Mr. Brandt," she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, as she lifted her tearful, blue eyes again to his troubled face—"I can deeply feel with you, for I, too, have been a sufferer by the sea!"

"You are all sympathy and benevolence, dear young lady! And you a sufferer by the sea! I grieve to hear that. But I hope you have not suffered so deeply as myself?"

"I lost my father and my grandmother. But it is true that I did not feel the loss so deeply as I ought to have done; perhaps, for I had never seen my father, and had lost sight of my grandmother for years before they died."

Wilfrid recollected now, that Monsieur and Madame L'Orient had been lost on the Mercury. He scarcely knew what reply to make to the earnest hearted girl beside him. He knew perfectly well that the loss of her father was anything but a misfortune to her, still it would never do to tell her so, nor yet would it be honest to express a condolence, not felt, upon this subject. He contented himself with respectfully pressing her hand, and saying:

"Yes—I remember now—they were passengers on the same vessel, the Mercury, in which my father, my brothers, and my poor sister's betrothed, Julius Laxmore, went down."

"Julius Laxmore!" exclaimed the maiden, in astonishment.

"Yes, young lady: why should that name cast you in such a state of consternation? I beg your pardon!"

"Why Julius Laxmore was not lost! he was saved!"

"Good heaven! I had even heard such a rumor; but never believed it. And he ventured to go to Barbara?" thought Wilfrid to himself. Then aloud he inquired—

"Will you explain the question and tell me—are you certain of the truth of that which you have just asserted, young lady?"

"Assuredly! Mr. Laxmore was saved from the wreck of the Mercury, and died in the harbor of the death of my father and grandmother. He brought us also such of my father's effects as were saved from the wreck, and among them a will, he brought a will which constituted his guardian of my person and property."

"Yours?"

"Certainly! And from that time to this excepting the three winter months of last year, Mr. Laxmore has lived exclusively with us."

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished Wilfrid Brandt, in his heart; but from respect to his young hostess, his lips were silent.

She continued—

"Since the decease of my dear uncle, Mr. Laxmore has been my only friend and protector, and he will soon be my——" She stirred, blushed, refused an instant, and then in a low and thrilling voice laughed—

"What was that you said about Mr. Laxmore being the betrothed husband of your sister?"

"My honored young hostess, I spoke indiscreetly—a very foolish man," said Wilfrid, in a tender tone.

"Mr. Brandt, do you pardon my persistence and tell me, in plain terms, whether or not, Julius Laxmore was affianced to your sister?"

"My dearest Miss L'Orient, Mr. Laxmore is your legal guardian. Let us talk no more of him."

"Mr. Brandt, I have the most important, the most vital interest in the question that I have put to you. Pray, pray, tell me the truth!"

"Young lady,——" began Wilfrid, in a voice of distress that was quickly interrupted by Elsilie, who clasping her hands and raising her eyes in the earnestness of her entreaty, said—

"Mr. Brandt, I must tell you all! Mr. Laxmore, my guardian, has taught me to believe that I am his destined bride; and he has promised me that when we are married, and not until then, he will take me into the world and present me to the great society of London. Now, not to see this world—not even to possess ten thousand such worlds, would I marry a man who has broken faith with another woman, for it would be a fearful sin, invoking the judgment of God upon my head! Therefore, if this man, who seeks my hand, was the betrothed of Barbara Brandt, tell me, and you see flying the wings of wedding bliss!"

Wilfrid Brandt was agitated. His strong impulse was to say to her at once—

"Julius Laxmore has broken faith with Barbara! he deceived and deserted her at her utmost need!" but a high, chivalrous magnanimity held him silent. He said to himself—"It may be that she loves him; and that he may yet prove worthy of such love—if so, though my heart should burst, I will refrain from saying anything to destroy her confidence in him."

"You do not speak, Mr. Brandt! Oh, answer me!"

"Miss L'Orient!" exclaimed the young man taking her hand, and speaking with the deepest respect—"forgive the question that I am about to ask you and answer it, as you soul to soul: you say that you are contracted in marriage to your guardian—do you love him?"

"Indeed, I do not know! I used to like him, because I always thought it was my duty to do so; but if I find he has been a recreant to another love, I am sure I shall utterly cease to esteem him. Therefore—I adjure you by your honor to inform me—was Julius Laxmore the betrothed husband of Barbara Brandt?"

"Miss L'Orient, thus adjured, I have no choice but to reply—yes! Julius Laxmore was the betrothed husband of Barbara Brandt, with whom, without just cause, he broke faith!"

Elsilie was gazing intently into his face as though she would read his soul. She saw in his frank, serious, earnest countenance, his perfect truthfulness. She felt and knew what he said to be a fact; many little circumstances, heretofore inexplicable, now easily to be understood, recurred to her memory in corroboration of his statement; her instinct, hitherto repressed as injustice, was now exploited and justified. But the young Etoile possessed the excellent faculty of self-control. No exclamation of astonishment or loathing escaped her lips. Only with her serious eyes still questioning Wilfrid's countenance, in a low voice, she further inquired—

"But why should he have abandoned his betrothed? She was such a noble girl! one of nature's queens! I saw her once, you know, before ever trouble came to her, a fatherless child! I cried a royally beautiful amazon! Why should he have abandoned her?"

"For the prospect of a higher prize, no doubt, young lady."

"Tell me all you know of this man, Mr. Brandt."

"Miss L'Orient I will! And do you pardon me for the pain that I may give to the recital?"

Elsilie folded her hands together and listened intently while Wilfrid Brandt related the story of Julius, from the time of his adoption by Captain Brandt to that of his betrothal to Barbara. He concluded by repeating the evident fraud, by which Laxmore had succeeded in creating the false impression of his own death.

Elsilie listened, struggling to remain calm and self-possessed; but the troubles of her heart revealed itself in the disturbance of her countenance. True, as her guardian's friends had never ceased to laud, and never thoroughly esteemed Julius Laxmore, still it was terrible to discover in one who had so long been her revered instructor and confidant, such utter unworthiness.

When all was done, it was revealed, it was atrocious, to have abandoned his betrothed, the orphan daughter of his friend, at the time when she most needed, even augmenting her anguish by laying upon her heart the grief of his supposed death! Oh, it was horrible! But she must not betray a moment's disruption for a soul like that—God have mercy on it! Elsilie, therefore, repressing the pain of grasping her face upon her hands.

"I will tell you, Mr. Brandt, what I know of my own story, which may aid you in judging what is best to be done."

"Speak, young lady; I listen."

Elsilie, after a pause of deepest self-recollection, commenced and related, with considerations circumspection, the short story of her young life.

Wilfrid listened with the profoundest interest, and, during the progress of her narrative, became convinced that the legitimate heiress of the revered maiden was really the last child of the beautiful Etoile, whom Barbara had loved with such deep passion; because, for all that he knew to the contrary, the whole family might now be extinct, save this one dead; and not for the world would he raise hopes in the breast of her daughter, that might end in disappointment. He resolved, that all information to Elsilie the discovery he had made, he would conceal Barbara.

"You do not speak, Mr. Brandt," she said.

"It is because your story has so deeply interested me, young lady, that I scarcely know you evinced my humble counsel, Miss L'Orient."

"Then I will soon end the story. My heart shudders with the fear that there may not be time to speak of it. Mr. Brandt, I have no friend but Laxmore—will not! cannot! Do you hear? Nevertheless, as I what his wrong up from the south, and every day I look for his return, I mean to see his suit bearing down upon the Island. He will be here, I know, before the expiration of the license, to claim my hand and carry me away."

"Then, young lady, there is no power on earth can compel you to give him your hand."

"Oh, I know that!" replied Elsilie, proudly; "and even should I perish with the fierce of earth, were brought to bear upon me, I would refuse, and then he would disappear."

"There shall no evil happen to you, so help me Heaven! I will be by your side, to protect you, even in a rush of enthusiasm that seemed to give him the strength of a lion, or caller of a host.

"Oh, I know you will!" she said, in a tone of doubt. But my guardian is armed with legal powers over my person and my fate which I and my friends have no power to withstand, and he would not scruple to use to the utmost, to gain his purpose."

"Then—good Heaven?"

"Therefore, you see, I must escape from the Island, Mr. Brandt, and I look to you to help me, who, woman-like, had first made up her mind, and then asked advice. Wilfrid Brandt, I have not unconsciously taken this initiative course, and before bringing any advice, he wished to know her own thoughts.

"Escape! but how, whither, under what circumstances? Elsilie, pardon me, I feel as at your utmost disposal."

"I have money, boats, and servants. I propose to take a boat, and go to Hentilville, attended by two servants, and executed by yourself, if you are so good. At Hentilville, we can get some conveyance to New-York; where you can put me in the care of my faithful Nannie, Hadefield."

Her plans betrayed such simple ignorance of life, that Wilfrid Brandt listened in amazement.

Nothing now could be done to him away with and marry this beautiful and wealthy heiress, whose, besides, he worshiped with all the ardor of a young hearer's first and passionate love. And time out of use, placed in such circumstances, would have yielded to the temptation of which he certainly did the force.

WILFRID, BRANDT AND ETOILE ON THEIR WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND.

[John Howard Payne.]

But Willful Bruade was not a brave soul, the soul of honor is not for a kingdom—not even for his friend—and would he stain his manhood with a single cowardly act. He remained silent and thoughtful, not knowing how, with safety and decency, to convey to her the knowledge that her plans were undesirable.

"You do not answer me, Mr. Bruade," she said.

"Young lady, because I do not know how to explain to one so inexperienced, that the proposed plan, if carried out, would expose you to much censure."

"But why?" inquired the maiden, in much amazement.

"Because a young man, unless he is a near relative, is not considered a proper escort in a long journey for a young lady. Besides, it would be almost impossible in the wilderness of New-York City to find your aunt Madeline, nor even if found would she, only a maiden servant, however good and faithful, be considered a proper protector for a young lady," replied Willful, with a deep sigh, for the temptation was overcome, but the prize was lost.

"Then what shall I do to escape this impending danger? You are sure, Mr. Bruade, your name and seal is in me?"

"I have the poor maiden who has no wiser counsellor than the youth who loves her," thought Willful to himself.

"Well, Mr. Bruade, well, can you advise me what to do?"

Have you no friends or acquaintance upon the mainland in whom you could place confidence?"

"Oh, yes! I have Old Doctor Livingston, who lives at Healthville, with his two old maiden sisters."

"The very one, if he would only be friendly to you. He looks honest and old enough to be so."

"Oh, he is honest and brave! I have known him a long time—I never had a friend but him," said Etolie, warmly.

"And do you think he would befriend you against your guardian?"

"Yes, if his conscience were satisfied, for he loves me as his own child."

"And how far is Healthville from this place?"

"Seven miles, about, when by water to sail."

"Then your course is clear, Miss L'Orient. Order your boat to be prepared, and I, in being ready to get ready, pack up such necessary articles, or such valuables, as you may wish to carry with you, take your servant Moll and Thomas to attend you, and I will myself escort you in safety and honor to the house of your old friend the physician, and you shall tell your story and under whose protection you can appeal from your guardian's authority to your friend's court."

"How will he so impropriety in that of course?"

"Not the slightest—all will be right, I assure you."

"And you, what will you do?" inquired the maiden, with interest.

"After having seen you in honor and safety under the protection of friends, I shall go on my way to Rochester," replied the young man, concealing the sigh that arose in his bosom.

"And shall I see you again?" inquired the young girl, in a tremulous tone.

"Would you ever care to see me more?" asked Willful, in a voice full of deep emotion.

"Indeed I should! And I wish to know before we separate when I shall see you again, as I may have the joy of looking forward to that time."

"When the Lord and supreme Fate," replied Willful, earnestly.

"If it depended upon my will it should be very soon," she said, gently.

"But in the meantime, if your friends approve, I would like to write to you, Miss L'Orient."

"Why, of course my friends will approve, why should they?" she added, archly.

Willful smiled sadly, shook his head, and instead of replying directly to the question, said—

"Delay is dangerous, Miss L'Orient."

"Oh! I know they are! especially in this business, that may hear my letting my friend Etolie sail in sight. I will go now and pack up. Will you do me the favor to order the boat?"

Willful nodded in obedience, and Etolie hurried away.

Great was the astonishment of the island servants when they learned that their young lady, who had never been left her mother, was about to take a trip to Healthville, to see old Doctor Covington and his maiden sisters. For the latter object of the visit was of course withheld from their knowledge. They united it among themselves that the old physician, whom the young lady loved, have given the invitation, and after their first surprise was over, they flocked from the new-fashioned and right for their young lady to have this recreation.

"But what shall we say to Mayor Jullus, if he should come 'fore you get back, Miss Etolie?" inquired one of the old men.

"Tell him where I have gone—that is all," answered Etolie, with a blush, "and that I expect to have no cause to fear him," she mentally added.

It was with a deeply agitated and sad, and a slightly beating heart that Etolie, attended by Willful Bruade, and followed by her two faithful servants, took her way down to the pier, where she waited to see her from the only home she had ever known, to those unbidden shores she had so suddenly been called to seek.

When about half way down the lowest avenue leading from the house to the landing, she met a little negro boy running towards her with the joyful countenance of one who thinks he brings glad tidings.

"Oh! Miss Etwill," said the lad, "the packet has just come to anchor out there, an' Marse Julius an' some gemmen are in the long-boat, ready to be shore."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Etolie, clasping her hands.

"Fear nothing, young lady," said Willful.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIVALS.

"The hand of Despotism is his own!
I never shall a heavenly crown
The heart of such as Mercenes chain."—Rowe

A boat was pushed up on the sands, and a party consisting of Julius Laumore and two gentlemen landed, and advanced up the avenue towards the spot where Etolie and Willful remained awaiting them. Mr. Laumore started and frowned at beholding a young man standing by the side of the handsomely-garnished vessel; but in a moment he regained his composure and concealed his annoyance. Meeting the young pair he bowed to both at once, then greeted his young charge by name and presented to her, in turn, the Reverend Doctor Tools and Mr. Attorney Brown.

The tradition, who had remained standing pale and long, awaiting this encounter, responded to these introductions only by cold bows.

Then Mr. Laumore said, in a low and courteous voice, free from any sign of the vexation he really felt, and speaking as though recalling his ward to a sense of propriety—

"Etolie, my dear, my dear Etolie."

But before the young lady could comply, Willful Bruade stepped forward somewhat boldly, and said—

"It appears that you have forgotten your old captain's son, Mr. Laumore."

Laumore started and changed color; but instantaneously recovering his presence of mind, he exclaimed—

"Truly, my young friend, I had not at first recognized you; but, then, so many years have elapsed since we met. How are you, Mr. Bruade?" and offered his hand.

But Willful drew his tall form up to its fullest height, folded his arms, and fixed a glance full of scorn steadily upon the face of his enemy.

"Why, will you not take my offered hand, Willful?" inquired Laumore, flushing a little.

"No, Sir! I take the hand of no traitor!"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" exclaimed Laumore, growing red about the lips.

"Shall I explain, sir? I am quite ready to do so!" retorted Willful, scornfully.

"Oh, I do not doubt that you would force a quarrel upon me here, in the presence of a lady and a clergyman; but I have more respect for such company; another time, sir! another time!" replied the self-controlled villain, making the vile pretext that presented itself for the postponement of the exposure.

"As you will," said Willful Bruade, his lip curling.

"Gentlemen, move forward to the house, if you please. Etolie, my dear, take my arm. Good afternoon, Mr. Bruade," said Laumore, with a show of dissembling Willful.

But Etolie shrunk from the traitor's offered arm, and merging the bashfulness of the girl in the dignity of the lady hostess, she went forward to her guest, and with a stately courtesy said—

"Mr. Bruade, will it please you to return to the house with me?"

Willful started, bowed and smiled acceptance of her invitation, for he felt that it was the most respect offered his arm. But Etolie, with her strict sense of propriety, with a gracious smile to the rest of the band, declined the proffered assistance, and walked on slowly.

Mr. Laumore came to her side, and in a low, stern voice, inaudible to other ears, inquired—

"Miss L'Orient, is this the propriety of this conduct?"

It means Mr. Laumore, that before this affair proceeds further, you and myself must have a serious conversation," replied the young girl, in no less stern a voice, and with a proud look of scorn and reproach, "and you myself must have a serious conversation," replied the young girl, in no less stern a voice, and with a proud look of scorn and reproach, "for I will not be made the victim of your perjury, but solicitous to preserve, before strangers, the privileges of a guest.

"Ah! I see how it is! but do not think to escape me! An hour hence decides our destiny!" muttered Laumore, as he let her fall on his arm, and led on his guests, the clergyman and the lawyer.

They were received at the door by Mr. Laumore and his friends passed into the drawing-room.

Willful Bruade, feeling the awkwardness of his position, yet determined not to desert the cause of the friendless girl, threw himself on the window seat in the hall.

Etolie went into her own boudoir, and sat down to collect her thoughts and to compose herself for the coming altercation with her guardian. She had not long remained alone before the old servant Moll, and old Moll entered, bearing a large but light hand-box, which she set upon a table and opened. Then she began to take out the articles of her young mistress and veil.

"Come, Miss Etwill, honey, better make haste an' 'ray yourself 'cause Marse Julius whispered to me, how, de gemen and de lawyer was come 'long an' how he hisself 'vented to get off from here 'fore night, an' he mad."

"Go and tell Mr. Laumore that I wish to see him here immediately, and do you also return and remain within the sound of my voice."

The old woman obeyed, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Laumore entered—his face flushed, his hazel eyes glittering with excitement. He was at a loss how to open the conversation, and eyes and stern brow of Etolie that his power over her was in a great measure gone—that he would not exert undue influence her through fear, but ever he might through her fears. He did not understand that the only counsel to which the young creature could be governed, was through her affections or her sense of propriety.

Burying all these misgivings in the depths of his secretive and guilful heart, however, he resolved to take a daring course, regarding any attempt at addressing her, as though nothing had happened to prevent their departure, and seating himself on a chair, he crossed his hand and arm, and with an affectation of deep emotion, said—

"Well, my fair ward, what is your sweet capricious will with me?"

"Need such a question be asked, Mr. Laumore?" replied Etolie, with a proud look, and a tone of reproach.

"Yes, fair Laumore, and why?—Because it falls not in conversation that ever you offered to my acceptance a prejudiced heart, you basely broke faith with one of the noblest creatures that ever lived on earth—one to whom not only the ties of affection but of plighted faith, and of gratitude, should have bound you through life and unto death—your patron's daughter, Barbara Bruade! You broke faith with her under circumstances that to deepen and darken the heinousness of your perjury as to render it unpardonable in the minds of honorable men. And, in one word, Mr. Laumore, before I would give my hand in marriage to such a traitor, I would thrust it into the fire and hold it there until it should be consumed to ashes!" said the maiden, with the smoldering firmness of a heroine-heroic.

The suddenness and the severity of this retort so astounded Julius Laumore that for a moment he stood staring the image of consternation. When volition returned it came borne on a tempest of mental fury. He grew livid in the face, his eyes started, his lips foamed, his form was convulsed; he clenched his hands for a moment, and suddenly laid his fist clenched, exclaiming in the low, deep tones of suppressed rage of intolerable passion and remorseless wickedness—

"Young woman! do you know that soul, body, and estate, you are mine, mine only, mine utterly —my slave, my property, my chattel; do you know, that as your sole guardian, and the disposer of your person and property, I have the power to imprison, chastise, or otherwise coerce you to my will? Answer me, minion, do you know this?"

The young creature drew her slight form up with an unwonted dignity and regarded the man before her with a look of such ineffable scorn, that, infuriate as he was, he absorbed beneath her gaze. Then—when he had quelled, she answered slowly—

"Mr. Laumore, I never knew for your powers as legal guardian any further than you, as you have recently proved, may use them, nor how much beyond their rightful limit you may stretch them. But one thing I am sure of, and that is that you are arrogant and dictated and her eyes blazed—"that neither man on earth, nor demon in Hades, has power to compel me to become your wife! And you? Because source would I give my body to the tyrant!"

"Ha! my girl! I can reduce your pride!" in a voice that shook the floor of the room, he exclaimed, as though to clutch her.

"Hold off! Is anything to wait within call?" she said recalling and holding up her hand.

"Ha, ha! verily my little girl must think herself a princess, giving orders to her servants, with sarcastic malignity.

"Truly, I have no long lived under that illusion that I cannot all at once dispel its influence! And that much of generosity remains to me at least, sir, that in a strait my servants would support their legitimate mistress against her false and perjured guardian!" said Etolie, with dignity.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the traitor, in malicious derision, "I am going to know whether you be a duchess, that my position is a legal one, and that any resistance on the part of yourself or your servants would expose you to the punishment I should deem it proper to inflict, and then to the utmost penalties of the law—even to death!"

Etolie, at this threat of ruin, to her people, changed color, but with a proud composure replied—

"I will not then expose my devoted servants to your remorseless vengeance, Julius Laumore; but as regards myself, your threats are unavailing; do what you please with me, Sir, I will not fear!"

No sir! the price that you have paralyzed your soul and body to secure! I might have known!"

With a face that had not yet regained its natural color, a face of white death, but for the intensity of those burning, livern eyes, he glared upon her a moment, and then turning, walked with rapid steps from the room. Then he left the house and entered the sudden passion that had deprived him of his self-control, and saw the folly of his late exhibition of the very worst phase of his very bad nature. "Why the fiend! could I not have compressed her, you and myself must have a serious conversation," replied the young girl, in no less stern a voice, and with a look of scorn and reproach, "for I will not be made the victim of your perjury, but solicitous to preserve, before strangers, the privileges of a guest.

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"Need such a question be asked, Mr. Laumore?" exclaimed Etolie, recoiling and holding up her hand in deprecation of his further advance.

"What the demon do you mean by this, Miss L'Orient?" he repeated, simulating astonishment and honest indignation.

"I wonder, sir, that the presence of Willful Bruade on the island does not of itself explain the meaning!" said Etolie, with dignity.

"True, by all the angels!" exclaimed Laumore, with a sardonic laugh; "during my absence to arrange the preliminaries of our marriage, a treacherous boy gets himself shipwrecked on the island, and the circumstance suffices to cause you to meet with scorn one who comes by agreement as your affianced betrothed husband."

"Yes, Mr. Laumore, and why?—Because it falls not in conversation that ever you offered to my acceptance a prejudiced heart, you basely broke faith with one of the noblest creatures that ever lived on earth—one to whom not only the ties of affection but of plighted faith, and of gratitude, should have bound you through life and unto death—your patron's daughter, Barbara Bruade! You broke faith with her under circumstances that to deepen and darken the heinousness of your perjury as to render it unpardonable in the minds of honorable men. And, in one word, Mr. Laumore, before I would give my hand in marriage to such a traitor, I would thrust it into the fire and hold it there until it should be consumed to ashes!" said the maiden, with the smoldering firmness of a heroine-heroic.

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No sir! the price that you have paralyzed your soul and body to secure! I might know

WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

With the straight stem of a white lily, his
Blond tracing curious figures in the sand.
Thread of stairs—and crisscrossing all the west
With the rich ravage of her broken heart—
The sad sweet sunset, hapless for the rest,
Beholds her lay bosom with the closing crape
And dying, kissed his passionless face.
Wielding her grosser hair about his lip.

"Ha! 'tweet kiss" she sighed the fantasy, shot
A startled lightning through my dizzy blood
From the true subtlety of her innocence,
I held the hand that held the dainty stem
That wrote in sand, and kissed it too.
Then the wave came, and washed away our names,
Albeit you guess it with your coy fair hand!
Into the deep chalice of the sea
I poured my flower like a fragrant wine;
My past was bad—my words could tell of both—
I hade her drain the chalice to the lees,
I answer'd with her with my glorious heart,
But she with cool and measured words of scorn
Bathed down throbbing tumult, shuddered on
So the hot noble of my most desolate pain
Thicken! the rare vintage of her unconscious love,
Drinking my heart dry as the dizzy wind
That sweeps in gusts o'clamor o'er the wasted land.

I held my breath—I listened with my soul
When at once she, that I next might have
God's wrathful thunder rattles the solemn hills
And purple clouds open out the sky
That look my hopes like blushing as with life—
Then I knew that she was false to me,
And like pitch conjugates an universal rack
Strong as the claws, but down that wonder sea in
From fit to fury of love's tempest—
Only the moon went sleeping through the mist—
Where drowned sunset lay in the arms of night,
And the great ocean, startled out of sleep,
Arose and shook her hair down in her locks,
Sowing the atmosphere with briny mace.
Ah is now the help of St. Clement
And I have lost my grief, and the dead lay
That wrote her name in sand, beside the sea.

ALWAYS IN SHADOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There are some people who so perseveringly turn themselves away from the sun, that their faces are always in shadow. They seem to have a love for living gloomy, and seem to think sighing a virtue. If, in a moment of forgetfulness, they happen to get a little peeping of sunshine, or any cheerful thought, they begin to sigh, and look as if they were afraid that some one would see it, and so they hide it away into the shadow, in self-repaired penance.

You have all met such persons; and among them a few with social qualities of so attractive a character, naturally, that, if they could only be won from this gloomy seclusion, and induced to forget the long-drawn sorrow or mental cancer, over which brooding has become a habit, they would be welcomed in many circles, and diffuse around them an influence for good, the value of which no one can rate too.

One of these poor, shadow-seeking mortals of the floor mould, was my friend Mrs. Lawson. I had known her when a girl, and admired her for the pure qualities of mind by which she was distinguished. She was gentle, modest, quiet and thoughtful beyond her years; and, moreover, unusually sensitive to all impressions. She married a most excellent young man, whose love for her was not the ardor of a mere youthful passion. It was more deeply grounded. He was one in his feelings, and a general favorite. After their marriage he still declined to mingle in the old circles, and to keep up the many friends and acquaintances he had found so pleasant; but the young bride loved her home and the society of her husband best, and had her will prevailed, would have hidden herself in the cot, and kept all the sweetness of her life for the other.

Mr. Lawson indulged her in this feeling only to a degree. The waste of his social nature made him intercourse with other minds and hearts necessary; and, for his sake, he brought many acquaintances with kept her place in the former circles. But, after a few years, the shadows fell upon her in almost every home, fell upon this one also; and one of the bird-like voices that used to fill its echoes musical, was hushed in eternal silence.

From that time, Mrs. Lawson indulged, to their full extent, all her natural tendencies to seclusion. The dimness of perpetual shadow was in every room of her household, as well as in every chamber of her heart; and face, as well as form, were clothed in mourning apparel. It was very painful to Mr. Lawson was the death-stroke that narrowed their little home circle; but he had many points of endurance and self-control that had led him involuntarily to conceal from other eyes all marks of suffering. But his wife's grief, that she signs of sorrow show themselves upon his countenance. Mourning weeds were not assumed; and, ere a week had gone by since the day he stood bowed under the weight of a heavy grief, and saw the coffin-lid close over the beautiful form of his beloved child, rather friends nor strangers were reminded by any thing in the appearance of the sorrow he had been called upon to endure. To some, this appeared like a want of feeling; but he and his wife, at times, seemed him in her heart of coldness towards the memory of the child whose image was to her a perpetual presence.

Weeks glided away, and months began to record themselves on their tablets, and years succeeded, and still the mother sat in shade. Friends had gathered round her, and sought, by various means, to win her from her brooding melancholy that was fixing itself as a permanent condition of mind; but only a few continued to call, and, after a lodging-place of her home—the larger number, repelled by her coldness, or her gloom, gave her her well, unwearingly conduct, recoiled, and left her to her dreadful seclusion. And so she was left remained and bore with her, seeking still to win her back to the circles from which she had withdrawn, one and the other by turns, but all the unvarying shadows that always attended her, and left her for the more common sun light.

Two or three years elapsed, and still Mrs. Lawson was the knight of bereavement. Not once during all that had she stepped herself in garments of cheerful color—not once graded her attire below the studied grief" of "second mourning"—not once appeared at public place of amusement, or society.

"Is it right?" Very often her husband intruded this question upon her, and it was one, the answer of which, she never evaded.

"Is it right?" he continued to urge, and with increased earnestness.—"Right to indulge in such experience and trust modes of thinking would become?"

"My duty is at home, among my children?" was her usual answer. "I can not trust them to the care of mere hirelings. Should any thing happen to one of them during my absence, I could not forgive myself to the day of death."

"You wrong even our children," said Mr. Lawson to his wife one day, speaking with more than usual earnestness on the subject, and with an impatience bordering on reproof, not before exhibited. "It is not good for them to see only this shadowed-side—to move in the dim light that pervades our home—to know their mother only as a sad-looking woman with pensive, instead of love-speaking eyes! Observe, already, the effect upon our little Aggy! Her sweet, happy face is fast losing, even in expression to an image of your own; and a word, not in the gentlest of possible utterances, touches, instantly, the fountain of tears. It is wrong—wrong—all wrong!—This kind of discipline—this kind of home-influence, instead of blessing, will cause, our children. Our duty is to the living, not the dead! Love, and love only, should be central for all the latter? Shall weak, selfish sorrow for the departed, cause the shadow for the living to surround? No—no! Heaven forbid! Act, then this hour, in a better spirit. Come forth from the darkness into the light."

Mrs. Lawson looked at her husband in surprise for a few moments, as if her mind startled to see or gave to her thoughts a new direction. But, with her, any sudden change of feeling was the herald of tears. The signs of weeping were daily on her cheeks; and now, unable to control herself, she wept freely. Mr. Lawson kissed, omitted the paroxysm was over. He then said—

"Unless we are very much in error, a woman's love, affection is a curse, instead of a blessing, to her children; for it is only by the exercise of the right affections have power. Reason will tell you, on a moment's reflection, that impressions made in early childhood affect the whole after-life. Now, what impression are you making on the minds of your children? Can you suppose that they will grow up heart, countenance and home always in shadow, that they will go through life with every step of the forth into the world with cheerful views of life? If you gather around them garments of sorrow for mourning, because a wise and good Being, all of whose ways are in mercy and truth, has removed one of your companions to a better life, how then can you expect your children to grow up with right views of Providence; or with a spirit of resignation to the Divine will?"

Mr. Lawson's state of perception was clearer than usual, and, as she listened, the truth of what her husband said presented itself in strong light. "I'm afraid I am wrong," she confessed. Mr. Lawson, seeing that his words were making the impression he desired, said, "Then you will change?" And she knew that she would.

"What would you have me do?" asked Mrs. Lawson, leaning towards her husband, and looking into his face with a countenance from which the shadow was gone.

"That is not the question, love." Mr. Lawson smiled very tenderly upon his wife. "That is not the question. Ask, rather—What is right for me to do?"

Let the question, then, take that form; and answer," said Mrs. Lawson.

"First, then," was replied, after a few moment's reflection, "I am clear that it is not right to resist the will of Providence." And Mr. Lawson placed his hand upon the mourning garments of his wife.

"Is it right to wear these?" he inquired.

"It is in the act that our feelings express themselves," said her husband. "Without this the agony mortal states are powerless. It is of no avail to suppress the feelings, and yet to look for the forgiveness in your heart—let us have the sign."

"Forgiveness! Of whom, and for what?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"Forgiveness of God, for having translated our babe into Heaven."

Mrs Lawson looked bewildered by this, to her, singular question.

"Is it not so?" Her husband pressed the conclusion.

"It may be," was replied, almost sadly.

"Let the convictions of reason," said Mr. Lawson, "shall their legitimate power over the affections. This is the easy way to do right. It will cost you no struggle to change the dress of mourning for cheerful, sorted states—but not like a true woman and a wise mother will you do it. All the other steps will be easy. Begin, then, by laying off the mourning garments worn, by years, too long."

And Mrs. Lawson did begin here, though not without a pang—and, from that moment, the sad, long-cherished states, and had not the true, strong words of her husband touched the secret springs within on her in the trial, she would not have gone to the end. When he returned home on the evening of that memorable day, and met the cheerful look of pure white, she looked so beautiful in his eyes, that he could not refrain from bending to throw his arms around her, and exclaim—

"I have found my wife again!"

All the house wore a different aspect. The sun seemed to be shining in at all the windows, and lighting up every apartment. The children, used to their mother's side by the change in her appearance, looked happier than they had for some time they had ever seemed. Two or three friends happened to call in during the evening of the second—and found all so changed in the long-gathered house, that, instead of a dreary visit, made almost from a sense of duty, passed away a few hours of true enjoyment.

From that time, the beginning the happiest results came speedily. It was wonderful, how soon after the cherished gloom was dispelled, how soon the shadowed spirit came forth into the sunshine, and reflected on all sides the brightness it received.

But two months from the time of their change, Mrs. Lawson met, as a large entertainment, a lady whose appearance in deep mourning for a husband, in the hope of breaking the deep gloom by which her spirit was enshrouded; a glance at the large crowded rooms was there another mind, disciplined to the right point, and a little conversation with her clearness, to meet the heart-yearnings of this lady. The very first words spoken by Mrs. Lawson were trembling to her heart, and filling it with a crowd of new emotions. It seemed to her as if she were listened in the conversation of an angel. The gentleness of higher and more soul-comforting truths than any she had ever before spoken in moral language; and the eagerness with which the lady hung upon her sentences, showed her that they had in them a living power.

"I thank God that we have met!" was the lady's words, as she held the hand of Mrs. Lawson at parting. "He has led me in your way, to comfort and strengthen me. To-morrow I leave the city, and we may never see each other again; but your true sentiments will go with me as blessings; and I shall be a wiser, and, I hope, a happier woman."

If" said Mr. Lawson, after his wife had told him of the circumstance, "we hide ourselves away among the shadows, we cannot brighten the lift of another human being. But, if we go forth into the broad daylight, and let the mind with active upon our faces, we may throw his house all around us, and become a green spot in which it would grow, else, would sit in perpetual darkness; and upon many wandering once who have lost their way."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION,

BY [illegible]

Know when to speak, and when to hold the tongue?

My nephew, Jack Lawson, left home last year for his first entered college, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his correspondence a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his pen long together, and, in fact, he was but little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two. He was expected to be more like a man than living in great style. The first night, after his arrival, when we were all met together, and had much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us that the college had made a very good hall, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon, that the sun was in a motion bearing one foot in length, he inscribed her with several questions relative to the inhabitants of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be wishing he would do the same with the sun. Sometimes Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack met no encouragement to success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in abstraction. It was a curious sight to see him pick one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards hug and caress it, with a spirit of reason and surising a set of bows, he would demonstrate to them that the laws were of no more value than a rather, rays Jack, of no colors at all. His mother herself, though she was not a little pleased with the change in her son, was one day much surprised with him; for, having accidentally burnt her finger, he told her that it was a sign the fire had got her anguish. Jack laid hold of the opportunity to inform her that it was a most striking sign to her fire. In short, no day passed over our heads in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family stare at his new-fangled notions.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young person that was not to be corrected for the present redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to forebode an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which Jack had contracted at college, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him that I had a mind to make him a present of a very great author. "To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar" Jack's good sense made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behavior; and though he told me that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and conform to the sentiments of the understanding of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular friendship for the Koran one cannot read it every morning, the following rules in writing, which may be of service to my friend Jack. "When he agrees sake man he now is:

1. Instead of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, he seems to have chosen that the ancient writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the rest of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as that intercourse of words which we call conversation, and which, in a manner, is the very essence of society, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

In the conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for the want of good sense, as of a good breeding and discretion.

Those who converse with us never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but with a view to improve you by what they say, or entertain you by what they say.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say of ourselves but what we desist to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count the beauties of our face, or the strength of our body?

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a little notice of the persons you are concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in the things themselves as in the proper time and or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, they want to be shown to the world before they are known to themselves.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

EVER NEAR.

BY CLARA STONEY.

True feeling of my heart,
My blessing and my bane;
Thou brightest, sweetest joy of life,
My comfort and my pain.

How dare thine angel fancy
How dare thy magic voice,
How dares thy presence haunt me,
My heart and eyes rejoice?

What way my steps I turn,
What way I look, what way I hear,
There thou dost meet, dost greet my sight,
My almost earthly friend.

I wandered forth at noon,
To breathe the balmy air,
To view the newly-wakened earth,
Decked in her gayest wear.

I lifted up mine eyes,
And saw a gold-ring crowd
Of all similitudes of men—
Of fellow-life and friend.

But had the wanderers been
A million times more bold,
And had it, like a hovering Soul,
In living lustres rolled,

In efforts to conceal
Our form which I espied,
If I had seen a single form all
That one bright figure hid.

What unchanged shape
What beauty, soft and rare,
Accented that figure, shall forward
With its dark, circling hair.

Thine was that matchless form,
Thine that unequaled grace—
Those, old beloved and beautiful,
That joy inspiring face.

I walked at evening where
Thy friend had stood;
Thy voice, the music in mine ear,
Came floating thro' the wood.

And then thy sharp dress'd coat
Thy graceful bearing, were
I heard thy murmured words, behind,
And at a sweet distance.

I listened, while the live
Softly about me fell—
Thou didst not think how near thou were
Or one who loves thee well.

Thou didst not know thy fond
Slept, at that moment, to be
Shrouded out, until it touched a heart
Bleeding to death for thee.

THE LOST PURSE.

BY STEVENS COBB, JR.

A friend related to me a simple story, not long since, which I think is worth telling over. The particles of which he spoke were not lost by me, but the presence of the hero that called the circumstance to mind.

Abel Morton was a youth of about seventeen. His mother was a widow, and he an only child. They lived in part of a small but in the outskirts of the village, and were very poor. During the long cold winter the widow fell sick, and so ill that Abel had been obliged to spend most of his time with her. The youth had never learned any trade, as various circumstances had combined to prevent his leaving home. He worked whenever he could get work to do, and had thus far managed to find food enough to keep himself and mother alive, though they had suffered much with cold.

As the spring opened, Abel tried to find work, but he was not successful. He picked up a few odd jobs now and then, but the proceeds were barely sufficient to procure enough of the coarsest, cheapest food. Clothing they could not buy, and poor Abel began to fear that he must beg a suit of clothes, or what would be worse still, leave his mother. But this latter thing he could not do.

One afternoon he went into the village, and spent several hours in hunting for work, but he found none to do. Some seemed to turn him away because he looked so ragged, while others said they never employed any one outside of their own households. Faint and sick-at-heart Abel turned his steps homeward. He had left the village, and was turning into the narrow road that led to his humble home, when he detected something peculiar upon the roadside. He picked it up, and found it to be a small leather purse. It was quite heavy, and the jingle of the contents was too sharp and clear for coppers.

The poor youth did not stop to open it then, for it was already dark, and he knew his mother would be anxious. So, with a strangely beating heart he hurried homeward. He entered the little cottage where his mother sat, and seated a chair.

"Alas! no work?" the widow murmured, as she saw the clouded upon her son's face.

"No," he replied. "I tried all around, but it was all in vain."

"Never mind, Abel. God is good. We shall not suffer so do those who are trusti in Him."

"But how does He help us, mother?" asked Abel, in a faltering tone.

"In many ways, my son. He has preserved us through many trials, and has given us hope and courage. He has preserved us to you and to your fellow child, and has held us clear from many sufferings which afflict our fellows. Look at Mrs. Tyndall over her, with all her wealth and social comforts as I would not suffer for worlds. See her only son, a poor, miserable drunkard, and in prison for a drunken crime! For what would we exchange our noble consciousness of right and honor?"

Abel made no reply. There had been something beating about heavily upon his breast, of which he by his pocket, and sent forth a sympathetic pang. But the thought soon removed. He drew the purse from his pocket and laid it upon the table by his side.

"What is that?" asked the widow, as she heard the sharp clink of the coin.

"A purse—I found it in the road."

"Found it! Oh! you did find it?"

"Yes, my mother. In the road, just at the turn of our lane. It lay in the foot-path."

A cruel war fighted, and the purse emptied. It contained twenty-three dollars and more.

"You dollars!" whispered Abel, nervously. "Perhaps we can't find who lost it."

"Isn't there some name on the purse?" asked his mother.

She took it as she spoke, and upon the inside of the clasp, which was lined with red morocco, she read—"JOHN THOMPSON."

John Thompson was one of the wealthiest men in the place. He owned a very large farm; and besides supplying a vast amount of milk to customers, he raised large quantities of garden-sauce and fine fruit, which he sent to a neighboring city.

"Oh—how easy he could spare it," whispered Abel. "It would be no loss to him."

"That is so, in a measure, my son," said the widow, solemnly. "He would not be the loser—but we should lose—oh! how much!"

"Eh, mother?"

"Aye, my boy. Should you keep this—should we keep it—where would our honor be? The next time you met Mr. Thompson you would fear to look him in the face. You could not look him in the eye with a happy consciousness of your own innocence. There would be a taint upon your character—a sting in your soul. Oh! would you keep it, Abel?"

"No, my mother, I would not. No, no—I'll carry it back this very night."

"You might wait until morning, for you must get an early start to-morrow."

The purse was laid away in a place of safety, and on the following morning Abel started off bright and early; and he walked with a light and buoyant step for he was doing his work be it ever so humble.

Mr. Thompson lived in a fine, large mansion, which it stood upon a gentle rise in a fence, at short distance from the road, and was surrounded by a public notice. Abel took the way up the neatly graveled walk, and as the owner upon the broad piazza.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" the lord asked. He was a kind, generous looking man; stout and corpulent with a face full of health and good nature.

"Yes, sir," answered Abel promptly, at the same time accosting to the point. "I found a purse last evening, and upon opening it we found your name upon it."

"And who is we?"

"My mother and I, sir."

"Then you didn't think you needed the money?"

"Sir?" returned the youth with an inquiring look.

"Seeing that you bring the money to me I suppose you had no use for it."

"Use for it, sir?" repeated Abel, at a loss how to understand the man. "Oh! God knows we had use for it—and no use so much as we have for our honor and truth."

"Were you afraid to keep it?" pursued Thompson, in the same peculiar tone.

"Afraid! what do you mean! Do I love my mother because I dread to take her? I brought your money back because it was yours, and not mine." And he spoke quickly. Abel handed the purse to the purse, and turned away. Mr. Thompson did not say a word, but the youth kept on, feeling glad that he had done right, but at the same time almost ready to cry at the reception he had met with.

When he reached home, he said into a chair, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Why, what's the matter, Abel?" asked the mother, in alarm.

But before her son could answer, they were both startled by hearing a horse trot up to the door, and Mr. Thompson. He dismounted, and as the door was open, he entered without ceremony. He looked at Abel, and spoke kindly to him, and took a seat.

"I've come on business," he said, "and I'll proceed with it at once." Then turning to Abel, he asked,—

"Are you engaged at present?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, eagerly, for the man spoke very kindly.

"Wouldn't you like something to do?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I spent all the day yesterday in looking after work. My mother is not well, and I must earn something."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Write well?"

"Yes, sir. My mother has taught me what she could have learned at school."

"You can cypher, then?"

"Yes, sir. I have been pretty thoroughly at his at one time."

"And can you drive two horses?"

"Yes, sir. I drove the stage from here to Greatboro' a good many times last winter."

"Then I think you are just the man I want. In a few days you will have some more to end into the city, and as yet I have engaged no one to take charge of them and market them. For the past few years, I have lost considerable by dishonest men. I want some one to whom I can trust, and for a considerable money to collect; sometimes it will average a hundred dollars a day for a week at a time. If you are a good hand at keeping accounts, the receipts are considerable. How should you like to take the job?"

"I could be with my mother nights, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I should like it very much—very much, sir. And if I serve you, I shall serve you faithfully."

"I have no fears on that account," said Thompson, with a pleasant smile, "and I will give you a trial upon your honesty. I saw you pick up my purse."

There was a slight shudder starting through the youth's soul, for he could not help thinking what would have been the result had he kept the money.

"And you are the first one I have tried," continued the gentleman. "First, I looked upon honesty as a matter of course, and I thought it was expected. I dropped my purse, with my name plainly written upon it, where I should find it. He did find it, and he kept it. Next I tried Lot Poole, and he kept it. Some might say I had no business to place temptation in a poor youth's way; but I would give employment to those who most need it, and as there is ample compensation for the work I intend to give, I felt that I had a right to try them. But you have proved yourself trustworthy, and I am glad of it. And now, if upon trial you suit me, I will pay you forty dollars a month, and board you. What say you to that?"

But poor Abel knew not what to say. The sum named seemed enormous to him. He had wondered if he should get as much as fifteen.

"Say I" he whispered, fearful he had not understood correctly.

"Yes. Forty dollars a month. Will not that answer?"

"O—yes, sir! It is more than I had expected —much more."

"Then you will be the better satisfied. I like to have those who work for me satisfied, and then if they do wrong I shall not feel that I am to blame. So suppose you come up this forenoon and look around, and we will commence the first month to-day."

The poor widow felt it her duty to say something before the kind man left, so she turned towards him and opened her mouth, and then began to cry. Mr. Thompson understood it. He took her by the hand, and bade her be of good cheer, and went away.

Until the sound of the horse's tramp had died away in the distance both mother and child sat in perfect silence. At length the widow arose and sank upon her son's bosom.

"Abel—Abel—God has blessed us wonderously!"

"Suppose I had kept the money?" whispered the youth.

"Not that—not that, my son. Of it wasn't the money I thought the money. like a mirror, reflected yourself. It was the stern integrity of your soul. You couldn't have kept it. The simple carrying back of that purse showed me the strength of the principle involved. He saw your honor—your truth—and for what you are has he hired you."

Abel went up to the great house, and very soon found something to do. When he returned home at night, Mr. Thompson sent a coverlet basket to the mother, and Mr. Thompson gave him an order on the store for a new suit of clothes.

The busy season came on, and Mr. Thompson was glad now to find that he had won a treasure in his new hand. Abel sold more produce than had ever been sold before from the place, and he took care that every cent, at all events, returned to his employer for better. And that was not all. New business was kept square—even to the fraction of a penny—every day; so that at any moment Mr. Thompson could have just how he stood.

But there was one difficulty. The producer often wished for the assistance of his produce agent in the evening, especially when he had company to make out. So he talked with his wife, and it was soon arranged that the widow Morton should come and find a house beneath their roof. She had grown to love Abel as a son, and when he was once more upon her cheek, since her son had afforded her the money comforts she needed, and she accepted the kind offer gratefully. Abel could now spend all his time in his employer's interests, and the happiness of all concerned was greatly enhanced thereby.

Such a wealthy man walk to his home; and as he stood and gazed around upon his broad acres half a dozen children broke away from an old lady, who sat upon the piazza, and they ran towards him with glee; and I could hear their happy cries of "Papa, Papa."

It was Abel Morton; and the old lady was his mother. The widow had lived to witness the strict Honor and Truth had been his guide through life.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. L.—Abel was the first mention of whom we have any account. "And Ada bore Jabal; he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle." Jabal was the brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of such as handle the harp and organ." Tubal-cain was an instructor of every brass and iron. We have no means of knowing for our we imagine, that Jabal was the first to dwell in tents, or Jubal the first to play upon the harp and organ, or Tubal-cain the first to use brass and iron; but these are mentioned as the first of their respective names, when the world was yet in its fresh and growing, and we are prepared to tell the story of her mighty forces in Rome, now lost and desolate, we are startled by the fact that the Romans had some judicious elements by the divine manual supervise. No one could doubt the propriety of the command to "replenish and rule" of large, and called a dreaming idea; but we know that it would have been so, if left to the habits, and that his numerous was always entered by them. Jabal was the first to use a flexible covering for his tent, and the years of discretion,—which in three days was the first to use the harp and organ, and Tubal-cain was the first to make the edge tools of any years, the being of which depended—they were the first to use the tools of some young and a learned society, our original basis perhaps is to pour out his devotion in a less new associations sung—and Tubal-cain was the first to use the tools of war.

Whatever Jabal's life, its scene of orderly strain out by the Divine Architect, we should find it a life of peace and contentedness.

Jubal's knowledge that a science of music was the first science of the present is a sufficient reward for the labor of his life. Jubal was the first to use the harp and organ, and he found himself produce a science of music, and the harp and organ, and Jubal was the first to use the harp and organ.

Tubal-cain was the first to use the tools of war.

Jubal—In purchasing a musical instrument, of which you are not a judge, you should consult some person in whom you have judgment and integrity you can rely. You cannot be too careful in purchasing, for there are many instruments which look exceedingly well that were made worthless.

Tubal-cain was the first to use the tools of war.

Hannah—If you have a strong prediction for business and a repugnance to a profession, your father would do well to let you choose your occupation, and not force you into a position that would forever be distasteful to you. A reconciliation would probably heal you more directly to pecuniary independence than any other.

E. S. H.—It makes no difference whether you thought the book was good for the money or not; having, in writing, agreed to be responsible for the money, you will have to pay it. The creditor has nothing to do with your—thoughts" of business.

Five Methods.—The noblest thing in the world is honest labor. But there are many honorable avocations of life in which other beings order out of chaos; it forms chiefly less honorable. Of the former class are the farmer, the mechanic, the artist, the architectural designer, and many others there with eminent works of art; it widens the area of human comfort; it brings nations into social and profitable neighborhood; it binds continents together with the fast-talking bands of railroads and telegraphs; it extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins; it produces mighty works of genius in prose and verse, which gladdens the hearts of men forever. Work, therefore, with pride and gladness, for thereby will you be united by a common bond with all the best and noblest who have lived, who are now living, and who shall live hereafter.

A. C. R.—It would be more manly to put away your pistol and learn truth, and assign yourself with your fellow citizens. A man who would be a soldier should not go with his pocket full of pistols. The truth is, the practice of carrying concealed weapons is a cowardly practice. It is not manly, it is not courageous, it is simply practice. It is not manly to be a soldier, and to be a soldier should not go with his pocket full of pistols. The truth is, the practice of carrying concealed weapons is a cowardly practice. It is not manly, it is not courageous, it is simply practice.

Theodosia.—Your lover's tragedy of "Bel Abraxas" is not a good one. It is not a good one. It is not a good one. It